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WEEKLY

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No. 876.]

POSTAGE
ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING MAY 2, 1907.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



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THERE IS STILL
TIME TO TRY
FOR £500 A
YEAR FOR LIFE.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

SAME
AS
OPPOSITE.

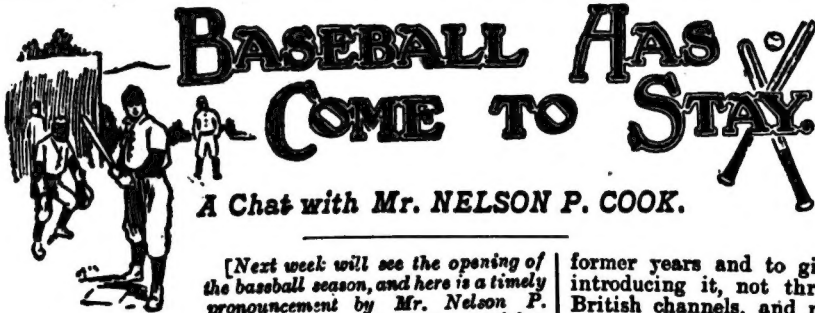
No. 876.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 2, 1907.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.



[Next week will see the opening of the baseball season, and here is a timely pronouncement by Mr. Nelson P. Cook, who, with Mr. J. A. McWeeney, is joint organising secretary of that youthful but vigorous body, the British Baseball Association. Mr. Cook, who is an American, permanently settled, however, in England some fifteen years since, certainly makes out a strong case for his contention that, despite failures in the past, there is a big future for America's national game in Britain.]

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THE early story of baseball in Britain is one of failure. The first serious attempt to popularise the game over here was made in 1874, when the Boston and Philadelphia Athletics toured the country playing exhibition matches, and the venture was anything but a success. Not, I contend, that there was anything wrong with the game as a game, but simply because the players were too skilful and their work too fast to be understood by a public who had never seen the game before. It was like asking anyone totally ignorant of billiards to appreciate the play of a Stevenson or Dawson.

Nothing further was done until about 1888, when Mr. A. G. Spalding brought over two splendid teams representing Chicago and All America. Again, as in '74, the work of the men was too good, and the tour was a failure.

Mr. Spalding, however, was convinced of the possibility of popularising the game, especially through the big football clubs, and, thanks to his energy and enthusiasm, baseball clubs were established at Aston Villa, Derby, Stoke, and Preston North End, and baseball came very near to winning a definite place in public favour.

JUNIOR CLUBS NOT ENCOURAGED.

But there was one fatal obstacle to lasting success—the clubs lay so far apart that visits could only be exchanged occasionally, and so lacking the stimulus of sustained competition, to say nothing of the fact that junior clubs were not encouraged as they should have been, the game lingered on in the provinces and finally petered out.

The next in the field was Mr. R. G. Knowles, the famous comedian, who made a gallant attempt to establish the game in London with the London Baseball Association, of which I became secretary. The Association comprised four clubs—the Thespians (Mr. Knowles's own team of American music-hall artists), Dewar's, Remington's, and Fuller's. Well, it was a good idea to interest big commercial firms in the game, but perhaps their connection was a little too obvious and direct.

Anyway, the public rightly or wrongly thought that these firms were in the game solely for advertising purposes, and consequently the sporting interest of the competition suffered, as it did from the fact that, players being scarce, the same men often played for different teams. Moreover, the players were all Americans, and, with the exception of the variety stars, quite unknown to the public, who, therefore, had no interest in their athletic doings.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE GAME.

But I think the real cause of the failure of the L.B.A. was the unfortunate situation of our ground at Balham. It took about an hour and a half to get there, and, naturally, Londoners were not going to spend all that time to see a strange game played by strangers.

True, we did better when we got the use of a ground at the Crystal Palace; but, as I have said, the genuine competitive interest was lacking, and the fact that fair crowds watched the games there only showed that, as a display, the public found baseball attractive as they began to understand it.

Business compelled me to resign from the L.B.A., and I was succeeded by my friend and colleague, Mr. J. A. McWeeney. But even he could not make the Association a popular success, and it remained confined to American players and supporters, until it finally came to an end.

Not long ago, then, baseball was to all intents and purposes dead so far as Britain was concerned.

On May 4th the British Baseball Association will open the season with four leagues, with from four to ten clubs in each league, and the game is as lively and lusty as a two-year-old. I am not going to linger on the present, for the wise man lives in

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the future, but perhaps I may briefly trace the course of this wonderful revival.

Since 1897 Mr. McWeeney and I cherished the idea of reviving the game, convinced that the failures of the past had been due to methods and not to any fault in the game itself; and in February, 1906, we set to work, determined to avoid the mistakes of

former years and to give baseball a fair chance by introducing it, not through American, but through British channels, and more particularly through the big London football clubs, who had won an immense following, to whom we were confident baseball would appeal. We approached the leading football clubs, both amateur and professional, within the metropolitan area, and, after two months' unremitting labour, the British Baseball Association was formed on April 17th, 1906, the clubs joining it being Woolwich Arsenal, Tottenham Hotspur, Fulham, Leyton, Clapton Orient, and Nondescripts.

To-day we have four leagues—viz., the British, comprising the six clubs already named; the London, the reserves of these clubs, and four independent teams; the Middlesex, four clubs; and the Metropolitan, four clubs; and, from having two men who could play the game when we started the B.B.A., we now have 450. I think that is a pretty good record. Now for the future of baseball.

I think the official constitution of the B.B.A. is one of the strongest arguments I can put forward in support of my contention that baseball has a future. Our chairman is Mr. A. E. Kennedy, chairman of Woolwich Arsenal; our vice-chairman, Mr. Cadman, of the 'Spurs'; our treasurer, Mr. Norris, Fulham; our secretary, Mr. John Cameron, late 'Spurs'; whilst on the council are Messrs. Dean and Bradshaw, Fulham; Captain Wells-Holland, Clapton Orient; Grant, Arsenal; Alexander, Leyton; and Hunt, Nondescripts.

THE FOOTBALLERS' GAME IN SUMMER.

Now, assuredly, these gentlemen having given baseball a trial are not continuing to support it unless convinced of its future, both as a game and as a business undertaking, and their conviction should be good enough for any "doubting Thomas."

However, there are still football directors who refuse to believe in baseball for their clubs, so let me point out why they should adopt it.

Even for the richest football club the summer is a trying time; outgoings are almost as heavy as in winter, and there is nothing coming in. They are paying rent for their ground all the time, and, as a rule, they cannot in the summer get a penny out of it. Let them adopt baseball, and the crowds it will draw will, at all events, pay some of their summer expenses, and, as the game grows more popular, perhaps all of them.

Many football directors, I know, fear that baseball would not only fail to pay its way, but would damage their grounds.

Well, here is a story which I have heard Mr. Cadman, of the 'Spurs', tell in public. He was not in favour of the club taking up the game, but, being outvoted, he gave particular instructions to the groundman to keep a careful account of all damage resulting from baseball, being certain that the bill would be so heavy as to compel his fellow directors to drop the game.

At the end of the season the bill for damages amounted to half-a-crown, and the net profit on baseball, after paying all preliminary and running outfit expenses connected with the team, was over £60, and Mr. Cadman, from being opposed to the game, has become one of its warmest supporters.

A FAIR SHARE FOR EVERY PLAYER.

Therefore I say that, as a business undertaking, and as a means of decreasing summer expenses, baseball is the very thing football clubs want, and that commercially it has already proved a success.

Now let us glance at it as a game, first for the player and next for the spectator.

For the player it has these advantages: It is played during the pleasantest time of the year; it is free from danger, yet provides a maximum of excitement and exercise, every man is bound to have a fair share in the game, and, in general, it is a highly enjoyable way of keeping "fit."

But, after all, proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and the number of not only amateurs but professionals who have taken to the game is the best evidence of its merits. For, remember, the professionals play as amateurs, and strong indeed must be the attraction of a game to induce the professional footballer after eight months of strenuous work voluntarily to turn out to practise and play a game just

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY." . .

FROM that memorable day in June, seventeen years ago, when the first number of this paper appeared, we have always led the way in popular journalism. Our serials have been the best. Our advertising schemes have been the best. Our articles have been the best. And our prizes have been the biggest ever offered by any paper in the world.

We do not make these statements as an idle boast. They are facts.

And now we make yet another move forward. Beginning with the next number, *Pearson's Weekly* will be permanently enlarged by four extra pages. The paper will contain in this way nearly 10,000 extra words of reading matter, and will unquestionably be the biggest paper of its kind.

This development is one of the most important which has been made in modern journalism for many years. The cost to us will be many thousands of pounds a year.

We are sure, however, that this outlay will be amply justified by *P.W.'s* continued and increased popularity.

The extra space will be devoted largely to fiction. New serials will appear at intervals, and complete short stories will be published every week.

As the demand for the next number will be greatly increased we advise you to ask your newsagent specially to reserve a copy for you.

It is unnecessary to say that the price will be as usual, one penny.

for the love of it. Every footballer I know who has tried baseball is as keen as mustard on it.

Now as regards baseball as a spectacle. Football has created a vast public, for whose sporting needs in summer cricket does not cater satisfactorily.

I do not want to say anything against cricket, but it is not the game for the man whom football has taught to love a short contest full of excitement from beginning to end, and in which every player has a fair share in the game.

Baseball lasts about the same time as football, is as full of variety, change, and excitement from beginning to end, every man is bound to have an innings, and it is even better than football, in that there are no draws. But I might talk for an hour without making half the impression that a photograph I have in my possession would if I could show it you.

It shows part of a crowd of 4,000 people watching a baseball match between the 'Spurs and Nondescripts last summer. I was there when the photograph was taken, and the photographer took his camera close up to the crowd. Yet you will not see one spectator looking towards the camera—every eye is intent on the game. That is a very remarkable photograph, and that was a very remarkable crowd of 4,000 people to assemble to watch a baseball match within three months of the formation of the B.B.A., and I think justifies my belief that baseball is going to "make good" in Britain.

Nelson P. Cook

"WHAT," she asked, "is your idea of a womanly woman?"

"One," he replied, "who takes the comb out of her back hair every little while and gives it two or three upward scrapes and then jabs it in again."

"You say that you saw the prisoner when he fired those shots?" the counsel asked.

"I do," replied the witness, firmly.

"How far off were you when he fired the first shot?"

"About five yards," was the reply.

"And how far when he fired the second?"

"About five miles," said the witness.

And the court laughed.

Ladies, would you be beautiful? I vow
The ROYAL MAGAZINE will tell you how!

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



By
C. Malcolm Hincks.

"Mr boy," said Mr. Flinders, senior, delicately breaking the shell of his egg. "My boy, to-day you embark on what I hope and trust will be a prosperous and brilliant career."

The boy addressed shifted one long leg nervously over the other, and stared into his cup.

"I hope so, dad," he murmured. "You will have every opportunity," pursued his father; "you are going into a good firm howling to the influence I was able to use on your behalf. Marston and Son is a fine firm, a firm to be proud to work for, even in the capacity of of-junior clerk."

The boy nodded and nervously looked at his watch. "Always do what you are told to do; don't argue, just do it. There are the sentiments that 'as lifted me from being a shop boy at five bob a week to the honorable position of buyer which I 'old in Messrs Spinlow's; now remember, Joseph, strict obedience is what is wanted, then you'll bring your craft safely over the stormy seas and ragin' floods of— You'd better be going," added Mr. Flinders hastily.

Mrs. Flinders rose and adjusted the set of the boy's navy blue suit.

"Ave you got your season ticket all right, Joe?" she asked anxiously.

The boy produced the ticket proudly, then he was kissed heartily and allowed to go.

At the suburban station he bought a newspaper and entered a second-class smoking compartment with some pride. He did not want to smoke, but he felt that it was the correct thing to do, especially as the next carriage was occupied by a small party of schoolboys.

When he found himself in the City streets, he felt less comfortable, and the sarcastic "Good morning, me lord!" of a small ginger-headed boy as he entered the offices of Messrs Marston and Son, on the stroke of nine, still further disconcerted him.

A slightly patronising junior took him in hand a little later on, and initiated him into the mystery of filing letters, and further informed him at half-past twelve that just round the corner he could lunch sumptuously at a total cost of fivepence.

Mr. Flinders, junior, exceeded this estimate by twopence, but he went to the extravagance of a peculiar-looking mixture politely described on the menu as "Golden roll."

He arrived back at the office at a quarter-past one, having tired of walking round the neighbouring streets, and had only just removed his new "bowler" hat when a smartly-dressed young gentleman came out of the private room.

This, his patron had informed him earlier in the morning, was Mr. Richard Marston, the son.

"Where's Jimmins?" demanded the junior partner shortly.

Jimmins was the red-haired youth.

"He's out at lunch, sir," said the new clerk respectfully. The junior partner said "Oh!" but it didn't sound like "Oh!" Then he looked sharply at his informant.

"Who are you?"

"Joseph Flinders, sir."

"Do you know Norwood?"

"I know where it is, sir."

"Well, you'd better slip off, then, with this note. Deliver it to the lady personally, and don't dare come back to this office without an answer. Wait on the door-mat until you get one, see?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Joseph sharply, taking the note.

"Very well." The junior partner was about to go back to his room when he turned. "Oh, you'll want some money for your fare, about two shillings I think it is. Oh, bother, I've nothing under a sovereign. Here, take that, and be back here as quickly as you can, with a note from the lady. See?"

The boy placed the coin in his trousers pocket and the letter in his breast pocket, put on his hat, and hastily left the office.

His heart was beating quickly as he made his way rapidly towards London Bridge Station. Here on his first day in the great world of business was he entrusted on an important mission. He pictured his parents' pride that night when he told them of his day's work.

He read the address on the envelope as he went down in the train—"Miss Violet Banham, The Laurels, Acacia Road, Upper Norwood."

He had some difficulty in finding the road; it was a quiet, semi-country, semi-suburban road, with old-fashioned houses standing back in their own grounds on either side.

"The Laurels" was one of the most imposing of them all, and there was a brightness about it that most of the others lacked.

Joseph Flinders walked importantly up the carriage drive and rang the bell; a maid-servant answered the ring.

"Is Miss Violet Banham in?" asked the boy.

"No, she isn't," said the girl sharply.

Mr. Flinders' face fell.

"Will she be long do you think, please?"

"Two or three days, I should say; who are you from?"

"Mr. Richard Marston." Joseph was troubled.

"Oh!" said the girl. "So he's come to his senses, has he. Poor girl was in a nice state this morning. I believe if Mr. Haddon hadn't come round with his motor and insisted on taking her down to his mother's place at Brighton she would have had hysterics. Oh, you men; you're all hasty-tempered brutes!"

The junior clerk was staggered; he could not understand half the girl said, but he heard the word Brighton and followed up the clue.

"Will you give me her address at Brighton; I've orders to deliver this note to her personally."

The girl stared.

"What! Do you mean to say you are going to follow her to Brighton?"

"Yes," said Joseph stolidly. "Mr. Marston said it was most important."

"Very well, my young Cupid in navy blue," laughed the girl; "I'll see if I can find the address for you. It makes me laugh, it does."

Mr. Flinders failed to see the humour of the situation; he was wondering what his parents would think when he did not get home by seven. Then he remembered that for sixpence he could telegraph to them, and felt happier.

The girl returned.

"The address is care of Mrs. Haddon, Sea View, Brighton."

"Thank you," said Joseph, and he hurried away.

The words of his employer rang in his ears—he was not to return without a letter from the lady. The lady had gone to Brighton, he must go too. He found that by taking the train to the next station, Croydon, he could get a fast train. It was now nearly three o'clock; he would be in Brighton about half-past four.

The sovereign Mr. Marston, junior, had given him was sufficient for his return fare, and he had money of his own to pay for the telegram he sent to his parents explaining that he was going to Brighton on urgent business.

He was restless and excited during his journey, and uttered a sigh of relief when the train steamed into the big station at "London-by-the-Sea."

It was Mr. Flinders' first visit to the famous seaside resort, and he had some difficulty in finding the house that the servant had directed him to.

And when he found it—alas! his mission was not ended. "Miss Banham has just gone out with Mr. Haddon," said the dignified butler who came to the door. "They've only gone this moment." He came down the steps and stared along the promenade. "There they are in the distance, just by the lawns, the lady in the long blue coat. You'll catch them if you hurry."

"Thanks, very much," said Mr. Flinders gratefully, and he set off after the couple at a run.

It was a beautiful late spring afternoon, but the promenade was comparatively deserted; visitors and residents were enjoying five o'clock tea.

When he had nearly overtaken the two, Mr. Flinders had to slacken his pace owing to shortness of breath; then he saw them seat themselves some little distance along.

The boy guessed there was some romance in his mission, but could not understand why the lady Mr. Marston expected to be at Norwood should be on the promenade at Brighton with another gentleman.

As he approached, moreover, he saw that Mr. Haddon had drawn his iron chair closer to that of Miss Banham, and was talking quickly.

A rival!

The youngster, with his employer's interests at heart, took a dislike to the other lover, and increased his pace.

"Don't think anything more about him—Violet—I may call you Violet, mayn't I—he's not worth it; you know I—"

"I've a letter for you, miss."

Mr. Joseph Flinders had come up unperceived; the lady gave a little cry and stared at him in amazement, and the man glared at him fiercely.

"Who are you from?" asked Miss Banham timidly.

"Mr. Marston, junior, miss," said Joseph, handing her the letter.

The girl hastily tore open the envelope and began to read the letter in the fading light.

The man's scowl was fiercer, but he made no remark.

Miss Banham read the letter, put it in her coat pocket, and rose from the seat.

"I see the envelope was addressed to Norwood; did you follow me down here on your own responsibility?"

"Yes, miss; Mr. Marston told me not to dare to return without an answer."

Even the unromantic Joseph noticed a different light in the girl's pretty blue eyes. She turned to the man.

"Will you see me back to your mother's, Mr. Haddon, I've a letter to write and want to return to town by an early train to-morrow."

Mr. Haddon rose, his face was flushed.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to—"

"What I am going to do is my concern," said the girl coldly. Then she turned to the anxious messenger:

"You must catch the next train back to town, tell Dick—Mr. Marston, that you arrived just in time—remember (she sank her voice), just in time. Tell him I shall be at home to-morrow evening."

"He told me to bring back a written answer, miss," said the boy doubtfully.

The girl laughed, and Joseph thought it was the sweetest laugh he had ever heard.

"Explain the circumstances," she said, mischief dancing in the blue eyes.

And Joseph departed for the station, with the happy feeling that his mission had not been unsuccessful.

It was eight o'clock when the indomitable Flinders presented himself at the office; he was wondering if Mr. Richard Marston would have waited; he had not. An elderly lady was sweeping the offices, and in response to frantic rings she opened the door. She also informed the boy that the junior partner resided in a flat at South Kensington, and gave him the address.

"Is your name Flinders?" she asked.

"Yes."

"There's been a nice set out about you when you didn't come back. Mr. Richard thought you'd bunked off with 'is quid. Then 'e sent a telegram, an' wen 'e got that, they say 'e went as white as my apron."

The lady's apron wasn't particularly white, but Joseph was too anxious to notice it. Without another word he hurried away to the Mansion House, and just caught a train to Kensington.

Mr. Richard Marston himself opened the door of the flat; he looked pale and anxious, and there were black rings round his eyes.

"Well," he said hoarsely.

"I've got your change, sir; I didn't steal the sovereign," said Joseph, with hurt pride.

"No—no—I understand; but your message, quick, boy, the message."

"Miss Banham told me to tell you, sir, that I arrived just in time, and that she will be home to-morrow evening."

A sharp, glad cry burst from the young man.

"Why didn't she write a note?" he asked after a pause. Miss Banham had told him to explain everything.

The boy explained bluntly.

"Just as I expected," murmured the man; "as soon as they telegraphed she had gone to Brighton, I guessed it was that little beast, Haddon. You're a brick, young what's-your-name, and I—here, hold up, youngster."

But Joseph Flinders couldn't hold up, the sustaining power of the sevenpenny lunch was not proof against the strain and excitement of the journey, and Joseph Flinders fainted dead away on the door-mat.

The senior partner heard the story the next morning from his son's lips; the latter had received a letter bearing the Brighton postmark and was a happy man.

"That's the sort of boy we want, Dick, a lad who will obey commands and use a little common sense. I'll keep my eye on him and push him along. I am more than glad that you and Violet have made it up again, and for Heaven's sake, Dick, don't let your hasty temper cause trouble again."

"I won't, pater," said the son.

To the great delight of Joseph Flinders, senior, his son was promoted within a few weeks of joining the firm.

But until Joseph, junior, arrives at an age to command respect, he will be known in the office of Marston and Sons as "Cupid," and two people will know him by that name as long as they live.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marston.

Another "P.W." Insurance Claim.

THIS MAKES THE 494th.

News has just reached us of a very sad bicycle accident to one of our readers—Mr. Stephen Davies, of Heston, Middlesex, by which the unfortunate gentleman lost his life. It seems he was cycling down a steep hill in St. Aubins, Jersey, and his brakes were not sufficiently effective to check the great pace his machine gathered. The consequence was that in trying to negotiate a sharp curve the bicycle dashed into a granite wall, and Mr. Davies was killed instantly. As Mr. Davies had taken the precaution to purchase a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, his next-of-kin is entitled to the sum of £100. We hope to be able to publish the receipt next week. Full particulars of our insurance scheme appear on the last page of this paper.

PENNY NEST-EGGS.

Here's a Little Object-Lesson for You.

It is a sad fact, but none the less a fact, that accidents will happen, and just because you've never been in a railway accident up to the present is no guarantee for your future safety. Here are the names of a few of the many relatives of careful readers of *P.W.* who made provision for those dear to them by buying their copy of *Pearson's Weekly* and complying with the conditions. They didn't expect an accident, of course, but it's the unexpected that always happens:

Mrs. George Darrock, 97, Byres Road, Glasgow, £2,000; Fanny Potter, 59, Port Road, Southport, £2,000; Mary Kimpton, Tudor House, Great Shelford, Cambridge, £2,000; Miss Anderson, Dundee, £1,000; Margaret S. Brown, 121, Cleethorpe Road, Grimsby, £1,000; James Gorman, Dunlavin, £1,000; Jane Lees, 219, Oxford Street, Manchester, £1,000; Edith Annie Bywater, Barwell, near Hinchley, £1,000; Mary Moore, Delamere, £1,000; Bertha Walker, 6, Beawick Street, Rochdale, £1,000; Isabel Wilson, 29, Simpson Street, Glasgow, £1,000; Emily Blennerhassett, 1a, Vernon Street, King's Cross, £1,000; Harriot Clark, 282, Abbeydale Road, Sheffield, £1,000; Louisa Barber, 6, Cadogan Street, Hull, £1,000; Marion Primrose, 30, Oakshaw Street, Paisley, £1,000; R. Frains, North Cottages, Skelton Road, York, £1,000.

Disasters that set Inventors Thinking.



Accidents Help to Swell the Patent List.

SCARCELY a fatal accident happens, whether on a railway, in the street, or in the home, but a new invention is brought out to guard against such fatalities in future. Anyone perusing the patents list must be struck by the number of inventions which owe their birth to the reports of inquests published in the newspapers, and many of these inventions have proved of genuine worth. The number of inquests held on children burnt to

death through wearing flannellette has been very great. The attention of a large manufacturer in Manchester was drawn to the matter, and after numerous experiments he succeeded in producing a safety flannellette which is practically unflamable. He took out a patent for it, and his invention has no doubt been the means of saving the lives of many children. It has already received the recommendation of several coroners.

The bursting of a lamp when it is being extinguished has been the cause of many fatal accidents. The inquests held on the victims of these fatalities led to the patent extinguisher, as well as to several other inventions for the prevention of lamp accidents. Safety lamps of every description are now numerous. In a recent article in P.W. mention was made of Police-Constable Ridgway, whose clever inventions have been the means of saving many lives on the stage. The most frequent cause of fatal accidents in theatres was the igniting of gauzy dresses or stage scenery. The inquests which followed drew Ridgway's attention to the matter. After years of labour he invented a method by which these dresses and the scenery could be rendered fireproof. His success has placed him at the head of a large and flourishing business.

ICE ACCIDENTS MEAN NEW SKATES.

In cases where people have met their death by drowning, as the result of defective sight or hearing, clever inventions have followed, while inquests held on the victims of ice accidents have led to a new form of skate. Fatal mishaps while cycling, whether due to side-slipping, defective brakes, speed gears, and so forth, have given birth to inventions "too numerous to be mentioned."

Many lives have been lost through collisions at sea in foggy weather. Ordinary signals were found of little use in preventing such accidents, for in a fog sounds of any kind are deceptive and misleading. One vessel could not tell in what direction another was approaching, or how near she might be. Under certain conditions, indeed, fog signals could not be heard, except at close quarters.

Now a clever invention is forthcoming which will tend to avert such disasters in future, if not to prevent their occurrence altogether. This is a device for signalling under water. The apparatus is fixed to the ship's keel, and by means of it one vessel can signal to another at a considerable distance, the sound travelling much further through the water than it could through the foggy atmosphere. Not only so, but the captain can communicate his exact position and give warning of the course he is steering.

PATENT MUZZLES THROUGH HYDROPHOBIA.

Fatal accidents on railways have led to a great many inventions which minimise the risks to which passengers and railway servants are exposed. Many persons met their death through the defective fastenings of the carriage doors, or by incautiously opening them at the wrong moment. Now every railway carriage has its patent fastening, in addition to which many are furnished with a special safety catch.

The risk of a collision on the line is to a great extent averted by the invention of the block system, whilst the work of coupling the carriages, always attended by a certain amount of danger, is rendered safer by a new method devised by a railway servant.

The advent of electric trains and trams has added quite a number of inventions to the list of patents, owing to the fatal accidents which occurred. More than one person was killed through coming in contact with a "live" wire. The inquests which followed drew attention to the danger, with the result that inventions were soon forthcoming which acted as a safeguard.

Inquests also were responsible for life-saving guards on electric tramways too.

Hydrophobia has claimed not a few victims, who might have been saved if a better method of muzzling had been in force. The reports of such cases in the newspapers have been followed by the invention of more than one new muzzle, which has been duly patented. So also, in the case of a person meeting with a fatal accident through wearing rubber heels, good may be said to have come out of evil. It was an accident of this kind, and the report of the inquest subsequently held, which led to the invention of the safety rubber heel.

Why Playmates Shouldn't Marry

By Our Heart Specialist.

VERY likely you know of a married couple who were playmates as children, companions as boy and girl, good chums in their teens, and sweethearts afterwards. The question is: Does a marriage between such a couple turn out successfully?

On the face of it one might think that, having been so long together, and having got so used to each other's little ways and peculiarities, they would be quite certain to get along very well in married life, but that hardly follows. Indeed, their very intimacy may constitute a great danger. It may, in fact, menace their happiness in married life.

Just take a simple little thing like those tiffs which are so common in early days of wedlock. These are bad enough under any circumstances, but they are decidedly worse if the couple have been playmates all along, the point being that the man, as a boy, will have visited constantly at the woman's house, and will have learned a great deal about the family history of his wife. And the very same applies to the woman. She, as a girl, will assuredly have been a constant visitor at the man's home, and will there have learned many little secrets which it would have been better she had never heard anything about.

Now just think of the possibilities if recriminations begin. Imagine what the woman will be able to cast in her husband's teeth, and he in hers.

Some persons may think that all little secrets, and so on, can be learned during an ordinary courtship, when the couple have met, as adults. But this is not so.

Any objectionable feature, all dainty little skeletons in cupboards, picturesque scandals, and such like, are carefully kept dark when a pair meet as adults, but with children the matter is entirely different. The most sacred family affairs are discussed between children; innocence attends to that, so to speak. They do not understand what they are discussing, but all the same they remember those things very well, and if they chance to wed in after-life these shady little matters come in handy when quarrelling begins.

They are raked up by both parties—oh, yes, a man will do that sort of thing just as quickly as will a woman, although men like to think that an action of that sort is beneath them.

Indeed, when playmates marry it is not unlike brother and sister marrying; they know far too much about each other ever to enjoy that absolute happiness which is one of the chief delights of wedded life.

There may be exceptions, certainly. Playmates may lose sight of one another for a number of years and meet again, and perhaps a couple like that if they married might have a fair chance of happiness, for the probability would be that only sweet remembrances of childhood's days would remain; but, and this is the point, other remembrances might remain as well—very unpleasant ones, perhaps.

Real love has usually little to do with the matter when playmates marry; they drift into matrimony, or are half pushed into it.

Their friends expect them to marry—it would not look well if they did not; they have been companions so long that it seems right that they should settle down as life-long companions, for they are sure to be well suited to each other. So, at any rate, they think, and there they very likely err, and find out their mistake when too late. Then they realise that they were but good friends, and no more, and in nine cases out of ten a life of mere toleration lies before them.

Taking everything into consideration, it is extremely unwise of playmates to marry, or even think of marrying. One of the great charms of matrimony lies in the one party not knowing too much about the other—there is a subtle fascination about that, a kind of mystery to solve. Playmates, however, know all about each other, and, consequently, the glow of romance is, so far, absent in their case.

And let it ever be remembered that one of the great delights enjoyed by boy and girl as playmates, and later on as chums, and later still as sweethearts, lies in meeting and parting—the earlier they have met, and the longer their intimacy has been kept up, the more does this meeting and parting develop into a fixed habit. What, then, when they marry and are together constantly?

Why, they miss the pleasure of meeting and parting. They are liable to tire of each other, for the novelty of being together always quickly wears off, and then they long for the old condition of affairs. They cannot have that, however, so they grow discontented and become irritable, and the marriage ends in disaster.

I say without the slightest hesitation that a marriage between playmates is a highly dangerous thing, and a step likely to be regretted.

If you have an idea for a patent, write to the Patent Expert, "Smith's Weekly," 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SOME swear that chicken-farming is the poorest business on earth. Maybe it is, yet as this country imports 2,026 millions of eggs from abroad every year, it rather looks as if, in spite of the pessimists, there might be money in it.

One thing is quite certain—that no other kind of farming is so hopelessly bungled by the amateur. Over and over again you hear that Smith or Jones has got tired of office life, so has gone down to the country to make his living raising chickens.

Poor Smith! Ten to one he hardly knows a Leghorn from a Langshan, and almost equally certainly he begins by putting up all sorts of expensive buildings, buying costly prize fowls, and splashing away all his small capital before he has the ghost of a notion whether his venture is on a possibly paying footing or no.

A man must learn a lot before he can hope to become a successful chicken farmer. For instance, some breeds do well on one soil, others on the same ground are a dead failure.

The chicken raiser who starts his venture on Surrey sand must choose Minorcas and Houdans for laying, Dorkings and Games for table purposes. On a loamy soil Leghorns do best; while for stiff, wet clay nothing can beat Anconas for laying, and Faverolles for fattening for table. Brahmas also do well on land too damp and low for the Wyandotte or Rock, but the two latter varieties, together with the Orpington, are the best winter layers of any breeds.

DARK BIRDS FOR BACK GARDENS.

If you start chicken farming with the sole idea of producing eggs for eating purposes and fowls for the table, it will not pay you to keep pure breeds. Good crosses will grow faster and fatten sooner. For a table fowl you will not easily beat a half-bred Indian Game and Buff Orpington; while a hen that is half Orpington and half Brown Leghorn is one of the finest and steadiest layers in existence.

One chicken raiser has five acres of grass land another a mere plot of ground behind a suburban villa. The former can with care raise any breed of chicken he pleases, but the latter will surely fail if he tries to keep white Leghorns or other light-coloured fowls. Let him stick to Minorcas and such like dark-plumaged birds.

It is an odd fact that all the dusky-feathered fowls stand confinement in narrow quarters far more successfully than do white birds. At the same time, it must be remembered that there is no best breed. The chicken farmer will soon find out this fact by bitter experience. What he wants and, to be successful, must have is a good strain of almost any breed.

Volumes have been written about feeding chickens, but the fact remains that, so long as the birds get plenty of green food and a sufficiency of grit, they will do well on almost any food. Only remember that a certain amount of change is essential, and for birds that have no run, and so cannot pick up insects for themselves, a certain amount of meat is necessary. For winter layers and for moulting birds meat or bone meal is absolutely necessary, and if you want your fowls to lay in winter give them a warm breakfast every day.

DON'T FEED THEM TOO WELL.

Laying hens must not be fed too liberally, or they will soon become too fat to lay, and if you don't want eggs with shells too thin to travel, be sure that your fowls have a good supply of lime in the shape of calcined oyster shells or old mortar.

Clean water is most necessary for all fowls, not to bathe in, but to drink. A little tincture of iron in the water-trough is strongly recommended by many chicken farmers. In the way of a bath poultry prefer a box of dry dust to anything else which you can offer them.

For poultry rearing on a large scale an incubator is necessary. It is worth remembering that the best place for an incubator is a cellar, and that the eggs should never be washed before being put in, but merely wiped with a cloth. The eggs must be turned carefully, and in hot weather must be sprinkled with water on the eighteenth and nineteenth days of incubation.

Fowls will not flourish unless their houses are clean and dry. It is far easier to keep movable houses clean than fixed ones. All chicken houses must be white-washed twice a year, and, if you mix a little paraffin with the white-wash, insects and parasites are discouraged. Chickens will rarely enter their roosts by day. Therefore, they should have shelter of some kind outside from rain and sun.

Finally, there are three medicines a chicken farmer should never be without. These are Cond's Fluid, Epsom salts, and vaseline.

Leghorns for Loamy Soil.



Tips for the Chicken Farmer.

Give ear, dear readers, to my joyful tale:
The ROYAL MAGAZINE is now on sale!



By Geo. R. Sims.

XII.
CORNERS OF
CRIME.

In wandering the byways of London together we have taken a glance at many phases of the life of the great city. Before these little trips about town come to an end it may interest you to see some of the byway places round which still linger the memory of crimes, and strange incidents of which they were the scene.

Here is a byway of the West End. It is not a stone's throw from one of the most fashionable parts of fashionable Kensington.

On Saturday night this byway is a crowded market street. Here the poor folks flock to buy the necessities of life and such luxuries as they may be able to afford. As we squeeze our way through the crowd we may come at an unpretentious and rather dingy-looking public-house on the right-hand side of the roadway.

This house, some years ago, won more than local fame through the mysterious disappearance of a policeman.

He was in plain clothes, and, seeing some young men who were suspected of knowing a good deal about a recent robbery of silver plate, he strolled in.

The landlord saw him standing at the bar, nodded to him, and went into his parlour for a moment. When he came back the policeman had gone, and the customers were all drinking and smoking peacefully and unconcernedly.

Now, it happened that someone had seen the detective go into the bar and had not seen him come out.

A POLICEMAN LOST IN LONDON.

The detective did not return to the police-station, though he had an appointment with the inspector.

The inspector "heard something," and began to suspect foul play. Officers were sent to search the house, and eventually the unfortunate policeman was discovered.

Where do you think he was found?

In an inner room, up the chimney.

The thieves, in the absence of the landlord, had suddenly seized the unfortunate man, gagged him, pushed him into the inner room, and forcibly thrust him up the chimney, where he remained gagged, helpless, and tightly wedged in for several hours.

The unfortunate policeman was rescued alive, but he died some weeks afterwards, and the real cause of his death was undoubtedly the rough treatment he had received.

Here is a byway in another quarter of London. Do you see that highly respectable-looking three-story dwelling-house at the corner of the street?

It has no aspect of horror about it. You would not think, to look at it, that some years ago it was the scene of a ghastly tragedy and an almost unparalleled feat of criminal daring.

If you had been passing that house some years ago at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon you would have seen a man and a policeman on the roof.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE ROOF.

You would have seen the man jump and fall seriously injured to the ground, knocking over a little girl as he fell.

The man had at about eleven o'clock that morning murdered an elderly Jew and his housekeeper, who were the only inmates of the house, and was watching for an opportunity to leave unobserved, when, owing to a lady calling—she had been invited to dinner—the murder was discovered. The man, who was in an outhouse in the garden, took to the roof in the hope of escaping that way.

An immense crowd gathered and saw the murderer and two policemen in their great "Roof Scene."

When the judge sentenced this ruffian to death his lordship uttered the usual valediction from the judgment seat, "And may God have mercy on your soul." "H'm," grunted the condemned man, "it is more than He's had on my body."

Not very far from this house there is a big East End thoroughfare where once Jack the Ripper prowled in search of his victims.

Let us turn off the thoroughfare into a byway of common lodging-houses. Almost every house in this side street is a doss house. In the middle of it is a courtyard. If we pass up the court we find on either side of us several ramshackle houses of the slum type.

Come with me through the open door of this house on the left-hand side. Just inside the doorway is

a little room with a bed in it. The bed is against the wall. The old grey-haired crone who is a weekly tenant of this room will not be slow to understand why we have wandered into her apartment. Taking the guttering candle from the little wooden table at the foot of the bed, she will hold it to the wall and show us a dull, rusty-looking red stain.

That is a faded blood splash. It was in this room that the Whitechapel murderer slaughtered one of his unhappy victims.

Now we are in a different neighbourhood altogether. This is Dickens Land. Yonder is the house in which Bob Sawyer lived. We walk a short distance, and we enter a quiet street and reach a narrow passage.

This passage leads to the back entrance of a public-house.

In this passage some years ago a doctor lay dead with his head against the wall.

He had been killed by two young hooligans in broad daylight—strangled in this passage and robbed; and within a short distance of the tragedy the life of a great city pressed and roared.

POISONED BY HER EMPLOYER.

A walk of a few minutes, and, still in Dickens Land, we come to a garden churchyard. In the centre of it is a mortuary.

Here, about eleven o'clock at night, not so very long ago, the doctor and the mortuary-keeper were alone with the body of a young woman who had been brought in from a tavern, the back of which looked on to the mortuary inclosure.

The dead girl was a barmaid at that tavern. The doctor more than suspected that she had been poisoned by the landlord.

At eleven o'clock at night, when all was still and the doctor was busy at his gruesome task, a slight sound was heard outside the mortuary door.

The keeper instantly flung it wide and saw the form of a man rapidly disappearing in the darkness. He ran after the man, and saw a dark figure climb the wall at the end and disappear on the other side. The other side was the back yard of the tavern.

The murderer had been listening at the mortuary door at eleven o'clock at night in order to learn, if he could, whether the doctor had discovered evidence against him or not.

The dead girl was Maud Marsh; the murderer who listened at the mortuary door in the darkness of the night was George Chapman, the landlord of the tavern.

At his trial at the Old Bailey it was shown that this Polish poisoner had murdered at least half-a-dozen women in the same way.

The doorway of this house of tragedy was—and is still—decorated with coloured tile plaques of Little Dorrit and the gaoler in the prison of the Marshalsea.

FREYING ON JACK ASHORE.

A sharp walk, and we are in a neighbourhood famous—or perhaps infamous is the better word—in the days when Jack Ashore was the prey of rascal-dom male and female.

The long street that once rang with oaths and bacchanalian song is now a quiet and rather dreary place at night.

As we pass along it we see a house with notices of prayer meetings in the window, and above it a White Swan.

That White Swan was "Paddy's Goose." This meeting house of pious people was once the wickedest dancing dram shop in all London.

But as we walk along let us dive into the byways. Some of them are wicked enough still, but it is a very different wickedness from that of the bad old days.

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In this byway was the notorious Tiger Bay. The tigers were bloodthirsty beasts of prey, and the tigresses had sharp teeth and terrible claws.

A little way further along on the right-hand side was the Hole in the Wall. There are steep byways that lead to the riverside, or rather to the blank wall that shuts the river away, and in these byways still dwell dangerous men and women. Every corner is a corner that has its record of crime.

But it is not good to linger too long in such byways as these. The sights that still meet the eye are not pleasant ones to those who want to think well of their fellow men.

THE OLD GIPSY CAMPING GROUND.

Let us seek a change of scene. Let us get back to the West again. It is night, and we turn off a magnificent avenue of splendid houses, go down a small street of shops, through a street of low lodging-houses, and suddenly we are in a world to which still clings the romance of a bygone day.

Here is a patch of waste land not yet built over, though marked out for brick and stucco. One portion of the patch is still fenced off with black, broken, rain-rotted railings, and an old gipsy caravan stands there, and it has inmates. On another portion of the patch stands a one-storied ramshackle wooden hut or shanty.

By the pale glimmer of an oil lamp an old man who lives alone in the hut is mending a portion of his clothing with needle and thread.

We have come to the shanty from the street by a broken-down wooden gate, and we slip as we go in the wet soil of the ground.

We might be looking at an Irish hovel on the borders of a bogland. As a matter of fact, the old gentleman mending the clothes in the wooden shanty pays rent for it, and is thereby entitled to a vote in the Royal Borough of Kensington.

This portion is all that is left of the old gipsy camping ground. But there is a street hard by—a dark and dilapidated-looking street—in which the descendants of the old Notting Dale gipsies have taken to life under a roof. They are picturesque figures still, some of them, and as they come and stand in the dark doorway to see our little party of strangers to the byway pass, we may note the gipsy in their skin, their eyes, and their hair.

Right away across London, and we are on the edge of Essex.

Through the gaps in a new street we can see a green stretch of marshland, and, inclosing it far away in the distance, a long green line of forest.

HOW THE BOY BRIGANDS LIVE.

Close at hand are streets and byways that are a strange mixture of town and country. The sordid note of slum life is constantly relieved by a note of old-world rural peace.

Ragged, bare-footed urchins play in swampy patches, and brightly-dressed coster girls sit in the green porch of a wooden house at the end of a long, old-fashioned country garden.

And not half a minute's walk away is a music hall with two houses a night and star talent always in the bill.

Corners of crime there are here, too, but there is a certain element of old-world romance about it; for though a good deal of it is petty piffing, some of it savours of the brigand and the buccaneer—the boy brigand and the boy buccaneer.

In the great refuse heaps upon the marshland small boys have ere now built themselves brigands' caves and pirate lairs, and some of them being homeless or having deserted their homes have lived for days and nights the lawless life on the refuse mound surrounded by empty tins and sustained by the fruits of forage.

There is a farm—a real farm—with the usual live stock close at hand for them to lay their pirate hands upon. But the big dog in that farmyard is loose night and day, and sadly interferes with the levying of supplies in that direction.

A PARTING WORD.

It was not so long ago that a brigand chief of the refuse heap, aged sixteen, was haled before a magistrate and charged with having occupied his brigand cave among the cinders for several weeks, during which time he was without the visible means of subsistence.

But, of course, a policeman cannot be expected to see at a glance what a brigand chief does subsist upon.

And now for a time we must suspend our jaunts and journeys in the byways of London. We have explored them in a good many directions, but there are vast tracts which we have left for some future occasion.

We have not touched the heart of London, the City itself, with its seething humanity in the day-time, and its silent deserted streets at night time.

We have not wandered in wonderful Westminster, where in the shadows of the Houses of Legislature and the grey Abbey lie scenes as strange as any to be found in the old Cities of Refuge, the Mint or the immortal Alsatia of the days of the Merry Monarch.

But we have seen many strange things in our wanderings, limited as they have been. Some day we may meet again in pleasant companionship and wander the byways of London together in other directions.

THE END OF THE SERIES.

Our Tyrant— The Eye.



By a Rebellious Subject.

Few of us pause to think what slaves we are to our sense of sight. Instead of being used as a help to our reason, it is too often the only standard by which things are judged.

Common sense and the light of reason are thrown overboard a thousand times a day in deference to the dominating sense of sight. We eat our bread in an inferior form, simply because it looks better white

than brown, though some of its most important constituents have been extracted to effect the change of colour. It does not taste better—until the taste is acquired—and everyone knows of its inferiority as an all-round food, but sight transcends knowledge, and we continue to demand the deficient article.

Sugar is whitened by the use of certain agents detrimental to health, not that it is better in any way, but that it looks so much nicer on the table when bleached. We prefer our milk stained and our butter dyed yellow for the same reason. Pure butter, milk, or cheese would have a poor sale to-day, except with the few who prefer their food unadulterated—the "faddists" who are not worth consideration, of course. The anotta and other dyes used make these articles look so much nicer to the educated eye, and the poor, long-suffering stomach must do its best with the stuffs chosen by the eye alone.

Treacle is almost obsolete to-day, except in the slums; it has been purified into "golden syrup," no better as a food and distinctly inferior in taste, while costing more. Jam is also dyed, so are pickles; they sell by sight, not wholesomeness or purity.

THE PENALTY OF REBELLION.

That dangerous dress material—flannelette—has caused numerous deaths from burning, but still sells in vast quantities just because it looks something like flannel.

We dress mainly to please the eye. Comfort, hygiene, and reason are ignored to the glorification of this tyrant sense. Boot toes unnaturally pointed, linen fences as collars, corsets, the silk hat, and skirt dresses of all kinds exist only to tickle the visual sense. On any other score they would long ago have been banished with many other ridiculous items of dress.

Should anyone dare to rebel against fashion, he is immediately made to pay the penalty by finding himself avoided as a crank. He may dress more comfortably, or create a more artistic effect, but the warped sight of society sees only that he is not as fashion decrees. He must dress to please their eyes or suffer.

The judging of a person by sight is carried altogether to extremes, as will be testified by all swell mobsmen, confidence tricksters, and others who live by their wits, and their ability to pass the spurious ordeal of the eye. Many men have been chosen for positions of all kinds, merely because they looked smarter, better dressed, or even better looking than others who would have proved superior in all else, were they given a chance.

SUCCESS THROUGH SMART CLOTHES.

Thousands of men advance and rise only on their clothes—they please the eye, and prosper—it's silly, but it's so. Why cannot we judge men for what they are, not what they look? Of course, some reliance on sight is essential, but it should not be allowed to rule to the detriment of all other guides.

This dress question has another aspect. We must not only dress to date, but a quality and style of clothing is often demanded far in excess of what a man can afford to pay for—and his dependents must match him.

Thus, we find scores of thousands of clerks, shop assistants, and others, often receiving wages below that of common labourers, yet having to dress to satisfy the eye of the master or his clients. They have consequently often to go short of the necessities of life that the tyrannical sense of vision may be satisfied. Worse than this, thousands of Britons are fools enough to voluntarily dress and pretend to live in a style far beyond their incomes, merely to impress the visual organs of the public, apeing the rich; they will sometimes starve and die for the vanity of deceiving other peoples' eyes.

Cannot we do something to break the iron monotony of things demanded by this dominating sense? Why do we not dare to differ, dare to allow reason and taste to rule the tyrant eye?

We are too cowardly to be ourselves, we must do as other eyes would have us. We are on the level of the savages with their tribal ceremonials, uniform mud-painted stripes, or caste-gashed foreheads.

We are ruled by the empire of the eye; and should we rebel, he will call in the millions of the British public to his aid, who will soon avenge the flouting of his sway in their own peculiar way, and be proud of doing it, too.

This Week's Hero.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

A FRENCHMAN by descent, an Englishman by adoption, lawyer, journalist, statesman, builder of railways and of empires, a Canadian whose watchword is, "Canada a Nation," but who is, nevertheless, a staunch loyalist, and as such a strenuous opponent of separation, a devout Catholic, yet a zealous upholder of the rights of Protestants; all this, and much beside, is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., the first French-Canadian Premier of the Dominion, and the leading figure of the Colonial Conference that is now sitting.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was born on November 20th, 1841, at St. Lin, a small rural parish in the province of Quebec. His ancestors were farmers, to which calling his father added the profession of land surveying. His mother, whose maiden name was Marcelle Martineau, was a woman of rare beauty and of many accomplishments. She died, however, when little Wilfrid was barely four years old, and his father afterwards married his servant, Odeline Ethier.

She had neither the mental gifts nor the personal attractions of Wilfrid's mother, but she was a good whole-souled woman, and made herself greatly beloved by Wilfrid, and by his sister, who died in her early childhood. The old lady lived at St. Lin up to within less than a year ago, and Sir Wilfrid was wont to make an annual pilgrimage to the home of his youth in order to pay his respects to her.

He also looked carefully after the interests of her three sons—his half-brothers—two of whom are still alive, and doing well.

Young Laurier's early education was of the primitive type in vogue at that period in the French Catholic elementary schools situated in what were then the backwoods of a comparatively new settlement. Up till the age of twelve he spoke no word of English, but in 1853 his father sent him to a Protestant school at New Glasgow, a village some eighteen miles distant from St. Lin. The small general shop at this place was kept by a Scotchman named Murray, and young Laurier volunteered to serve the customers, in order thereby to improve his knowledge of the English language.

So we see him, at this period of his career, learning his school lessons by day, selling cheese and eggs and bacon in the evening, and filling in his spare time fighting the Scotch Presbyterian village lads, with whom, he, a "Frenchie" and a "Papist," was the reverse of a favourite.

Notwithstanding these fistic encounters, however, he presently got to know, and to like, in his boyish fashion, many of the Protestant families, and especially the Murphys, who were very good, religious people. As Laurier had been taught up till then that all religions outside his own were bad, and that the people who professed them were worse than heathens, he was naturally not a little surprised.

But surprise changed after a while to understanding, and understanding induced that broad tolerance which was destined in after years to work such incalculable benefit to Canada by allaying the religious bigotry and racial prejudice—the one largely dependent upon the other—that were hampering and hindering her proper development.

From the wild, free life of New Glasgow, with its strong Liberal and Protestant associations, Wilfrid was transferred to L'Assomption College, a stronghold of Conservatism and Catholicism. Here he remained seven years, studying hard, and making himself very popular, both with his fellow students and his masters. Such popularity was, however, purely the result of his intellectual personality, coupled with a singular sweetness of disposition.

After graduating from college, Sir Wilfrid Laurier studied for the bar, to which he was called in 1864. He also dabbled in journalism, being at one time editor and proprietor of LE DEFICHIEUR. In its pages Laurier urged the people of Canada to abandon their religious squabbles, to forget their racial animosities, and to work all together for better educational methods and the more general diffusion of knowledge.

In 1871, he was elected to the Quebec Provincial Assembly, and in 1874 he became a member of the Federal Parliament, and one of the most prominent men in the Dominion. "Silver-tongued Laurier," as he was, and is, called, created in a little while, through the sheer force of his eloquence, a new Canada.

It was he who spanned the continent with the railway, linking up the Pacific States and Territories with the older Eastern Provinces. It was he who, in 1897, gave preferential tariff to England. It was he who fostered the spirit of Empire in the native-born Canadians by decreeing that Queen Victoria's birthday should be celebrated as a public holiday throughout the Dominion for all time, and by sending 4,000 of his young men to fight for the flag in South Africa during those dark days of December, 1899, when Englishmen were everywhere asking one another with bated breath whether it could be possible that what was happening there was the beginning of the end of the Empire their forefathers had built up.

ALTHOUGH a large number of people are called upon to serve on juries at different times in their lives, they do not know many important items concerning them. This article throws some light on the matter.

There are several degrees of jurymen, and first should be mentioned the most ancient of them all, the grand jury.

The grand jury was instituted as far back as the reign of King Ethelred. It is a body which deals with criminal matters, and must consist of not less than twelve or more than twenty-three "good and loyal men." Its duties are to examine, in private, the evidence brought forward by a prosecutor against a prisoner, and if the jurymen consider there is a *prima facie* case against the latter, they mark upon the indictment the words, "A true bill," whereupon the indictment is taken to the open court and the prisoner is tried fully before the "petty" jury.

The petty jury consists of twelve gentlemen, and its duties are, as just mentioned, to try every prisoner against whom a "true bill" has been found by the grand jury.

In certain circumstances a "special" jury may be summoned for a criminal trial, but this is very rarely done, and for this a special application must be made to the Court of King's Bench. No remuneration whatever is made to jurymen who serve on criminal trials.

A GUINEA FOR EACH CASE. Aliens who have been domiciled in England and Wales for ten years or more, if in other respects qualified, are liable to serve on juries and inquests. Special jurymen in civil actions receive one guinea for each case they try. How long it lasts is immaterial.

As regards "common" juries, every man between twenty-one and sixty is liable to serve as a common jurymen in the county where he lives, if he has freehold or copyhold property of the annual value of £10, or if he has leasehold property of the yearly value of £20, or is a householder assessed on the poor rate or house duty on a minimum value of £30 in Middlesex or £20 in any other county.

In the City of London there is a special qualification to the effect that a jurymen trying Superior Court cases must be an occupier of premises for trading purposes within the City and own property or personal estate of £100 value.

No man, be it noted, is qualified to serve on a jury who has been convicted of treason, felony, or any infamous crime, unless pardoned.

Common jurymen receive in the High Court a fee of 1s., and at most assizes the sum of 8d. for each case they try.

Next on the list is the County Court jury, and in this connection it may be observed that any action can be tried by the jury in the County Court, where the claim is over £5, unless it is a matter which is in the nature of a Chancery suit. The County Court jury consists of five persons, and, like the common jurymen of the High Court, they receive 1s. each for their services.

THE MEN WHO ARE EXEMPT. Another kind of jury is the coroner's jury, which must consist of not less than twelve or more than twenty-three members, and there does not appear to be any age-limit for service on these juries as in the case of special and common juries before mentioned. Generally speaking, however, the people who are liable to service on criminal and civil juries are also liable to serve on a coroner's jury. If a man, after being summoned, does not attend where requested, he can be fined by the coroner.

Now, who are those fortunate gentlemen who can claim exemption from service on juries? The list is somewhat lengthy, but the most common are these: Peers, Members of Parliament, judges, clergymen, Roman Catholic priests, ministers, practising barristers, practising solicitors, solicitor's managing clerks, notaries, officers of the Courts of Law, Clerks of the Peace, or their deputies, coroners, gaolers and keepers of houses of correction, and all their subordinate officers, keepers in lunatic asylums, members of Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, all registered medical practitioners and registered pharmaceutical chemists, officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, and Yeomanry on full pay, licensed pilots, masters of vessels in the buoy and light service, officers of the Post-Office, customs clerks, and Inland Revenue officials, officers of rural and Metropolitan police, magistrates of Metropolitan police-courts, their clerks, ushers, and all who have reached the age of sixty.

In order to secure exemption one must apply to the authorities, who prepare the jury lists every year, and have the name struck off.

You'll One Day Serve on a Jury.



All about the Twelve Honest Men and their Duties.

The stories in the ROYAL MAG.
Are full of "go," and never flag.

Picked Pars.

Where the Money Went.

A Norfolk Board of Guardians has discovered that two aged couples who received fourteen pints of milk weekly kept six cats. An order has been issued limiting the number of cats to one each.

To Suppress Spitting.

The health officer of Cleveland, Ohio, has appointed 1,000 citizens as a special sanitary police force to put down the habit of spitting in the streets. They have full power to arrest anyone infringing the regulations.

British Souvenirs for French Soldiers.

Before leaving Lille after their successful visit the bandmen of the 2nd Battalion South Lancashire Regiment unfurnished the badges of their helmets, pouches, and collars, and distributed them among the French troops as souvenirs.

Degrees in Music.

"I think I ought to have as much sympathy as an organ-grinder," pleaded Thomas Connor, a tin whistle player, who was charged at Blackpool the other day with begging. "There's nothing hard about turning a handle, but some skill is required to play a tin whistle." His plea obtained him discharge.

A Gruesome Joke.

William Jones, an aged inmate of Montgomery Workhouse, proved so unmanageable that he was incarcerated in the workhouse mortuary, where there was the body of a dead pauper. He removed the corpse from the coffin, propped it against the wall, and took its place. When a maidservant entered later, there came from the coffin an unearthly voice, which said: "If he will not eat, I can." The terrified girl fainted away. Jones has now been turned out of the workhouse.

The Negro Escaped.

While a mob was attempting to lynch a negro at Bunkie, Louisiana, someone shouted: "The prisoner is escaping." The mob fired a volley, and six of their own number were seriously wounded, one mortally. The negro escaped.

Bees Object to Evening Service.

A swarm of bees which has taken possession of the church roof at Kirkbride, in Cumberland, object to evening service. As soon as the lamps are lit the bees descend into the building and terrorise the congregation, especially ladies with floral decorations in their hats.

Ghent Wants Police-women.

The Chief of the Ghent Police, who is organising a brigade of police-women, proposes to take on none except women of from forty to fifty. At that age he thinks the sex has reached years of discretion, and has sufficient experience of life and human nature. Only spinsters and widows with no family need apply.

Too Smart Soldier.

Seeing two half-sovereigns on a shelf behind the counter in a Dublin canteen, a private in the Royal Fusiliers placed a piece of birdlime on the end of his walking-stick, with which he reached over the counter and lifted the coins. For this offence he was sent to prison for fourteen days.

Prayed too Loudly.

A too devout Swiss has been sentenced at Geneva to a week's imprisonment for praying so loudly in church. He entered the Catholic church at Weinfelden about a quarter of an hour late, and was so exasperated to find the service begun that he started reciting his prayers from the beginning at the top of his voice.

Mary Jane on Strike.

A strike of domestic servants, the first of its kind in Italy, broke out recently at Arignano. The girls, whose organisation is perfect, demand higher wages, a ten-hour day, and extra pay for overtime.

Forcible Identification.

It was stated at a London police-court recently that a Frenchman who was called in to identify a man accused of swindling him was told to walk along a row of men and touch the man he recognised. When he reached the man, however, he gave him two blows in the face.

"Newboy" of 99.

Ninety-nine years of age, Orasmus Page, of Joliet, Illinois, has the distinction of being the oldest newsboy in the world. For fourteen years, summer and winter, the patriarch has been at his place at the Chicago and Alton Station. He has been married sixty years, and has many descendants living.

Europe's Cheapest Paper.

The cheapest periodical in Europe is probably LA BONNE GRAINE ("The Good Seed"), the first number of which has just been published by the Belgian Socialists. Its price is 1 centime—the tenth part of a penny. It will be issued at stated intervals, and is intended rather for distribution at meetings than for sale in newspaper shops.

Bathers' Awkward Flight.

Strange scenes were witnessed owing to a sudden outbreak of fire in a large bathing establishment in New York. A hundred men, who were in the midst of their ablutions, rushed as they were into the street in a panic. Garments of all descriptions were hastily flung down by the inmates of neighbouring houses to the shivering victims, who presented an indescribably comic spectacle.

Picture Pars. (See footline.)

HAVE YOU CREAKING DOORS?

Do your doors creak? If so they may be cured in the following manner: Do not attempt to prevent the noise by using oil, which only disfigures the paint-work. First of all carefully scrape the paint from the hinges, and then with a soft black pencil rub the projecting parts. If this is done regularly, when the room is being dusted, the doors, it will be found, will soon swing freely and noiselessly.



BALANCING A POKER.

HERE is an interesting balancing trick that anyone can perform. With a piece of string attach an ordinary clay pipe loosely to a kitchen poker. Next rest the bowl of the pipe on the mantelpiece, and then adjust the poker underneath so that the bottom end swings free while the head supports the pipe stem in the manner shown in the picture. The result will be that the pipe and poker will project from the mantelpiece like a bracket.



WHY THE TOP IS GILDED.

HAVE you ever wondered why the top edge of your books is sometimes gilded and the other edges left plain? The explanation of this is very simple. When a volume is placed on the shelf of a bookcase, the top side is obviously more exposed to dust than the others. The object of the gilding, therefore, is to save the pages from being soiled, for were it not present the dust would cling to this top edge, and the appearance of the book would to a great extent be spoilt.



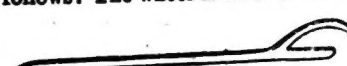
SAVES WASTE AND BOTHER.

In this feature recently a paragraph was published explaining how the cap of a tube of gum could be prevented from sticking. This week another method is illustrated. Reduce the thickness of the top of the cap with a penknife, then bore through its centre with a large pin. Leave the cap on and let the pin stop in as a cork. When the gum has to be used, withdraw the pin, and the substance will flow slowly so that there need be no waste. If the cap is wiped after use, the pin can always be easily extracted with the fingers.



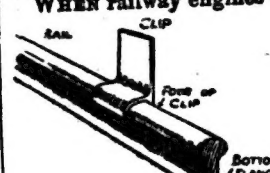
BLACKSMITH'S HANDY TOOL.

OUR illustration shows a tyre dog, which blacksmiths find to be a very useful instrument for placing tyres on cart-wheels. The manner in which this operation is accomplished is as follows: The wheel is screwed down flat on a round iron plate. The red-hot tyre having been placed on the top, the straight lip of the dog is fitted under the wheel, while the curved lip is passed over the tyre. By bearing down the handle or long hand of the dog the tyre is speedily forced into position. This tool can also be used as a crowbar, one of the ends being chiselled.



BACK TO THE METALS.

WHEN railway engines or waggons are lifted by jacks, the wheels are guided on to the rails again by the ingenious little catch or clip depicted in the illustration. This device lies on the rail, as will be seen, in a very simple manner. The foot of the clip rests on the outside bottom flange of the metal, and when the waggon is lowered into position the wheel is guided inside the catch, which prevents it from falling outside the rail.



Personal Pars.

Annie Besant's Vision.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT has been nominated to the presidency of the Theosophical Society, in succession to the late Colonel Olcott, who died in India. Mrs. Besant says she was sitting with the dying Colonel when the vision of the "two Blessed Masters" appeared antrally; to me my own Master said: "You must take up this burden and carry it." Mrs. Besant, who is sixty years old, lives in Benares, the sacred city of India, where she has founded a Hindu girls' school and a college.

Defence and Defiance.

SIR FREDERICK W. BORDEN started life as a doctor, and was then appointed as surgeon to the 68th Battalion "King's County" Militia. He is a keen angler, and on one occasion he was set upon by footpads while fishing, but he defended himself in such vigorous fashion with the stool upon which he had been sitting that the miscreants were only too glad to betake themselves off with no booty and a couple of cracked heads between them. After that Sir Frederick went back to his rod.

Mr. Hughes' Rough Time.

AMONG the delegates to England for the Colonial Conference is the Hon. William Hughes, a famous Australian Labour leader. Born in Wales in 1864, he went out to Australia when twenty. He was a school teacher in England, but in the colony was glad to do sheep driving and seaman's work. Of one of his journeys in Queensland, he says: "For three days I had no food whatsoever, and was without water for twenty-four hours. Then I struck some shell fish, and for nine days that was my only food. This was roughing it with a vengeance." In 1890 Mr. Hughes helped to found the Labour Party, and in 1904 he became Minister for External Affairs in the New South Wales Parliament.

Boxer and Big Game Hunter.

REAR-ADMIRAL R. A. J. MONTGOMERIE, who commands the Torpedo and Submarine Flotilla, is a fine specimen of a naval officer. He has the distinction of having been the champion heavy-weight boxer in the Navy, and of having killed the largest lion on record. He holds the Royal Humane Society's Medal for several exceedingly plucky rescues.

Lord Rosebery Saved a Life.

As a young man, while crossing over to Dublin, Lord Rosebery lost his favourite dog, "Mutton," overboard. "Stop, Captain! Stop the steamer!" shouted his Lordship, in a state of great excitement. "Can't be done; if it was a man—why, then—" "All right," said Rosebery, not waiting for the Captain to finish, "that can easily be managed," straightway leaping overboard. The steamer's engines were promptly reversed, a boat lowered, and the peer and his dog taken up, none the worse for their adventure.

During the Mutiny.

ONE of our distinguished Mutiny veterans is Colonel J. P. Robertson, C.B., who now resides at Callander, in Perthshire, Scotland. In the stirring days of 1857-58 he commanded a regiment of light cavalry. One of his most exciting experiences occurred outside Lucknow, where (as he tells in his recently published autobiography) during a charge he killed four rebel sepoys, one after the other. Just as he dropped his last man the gallant Colonel saw, about ten yards away, another sepoy, with his finger on the trigger of his musket, aiming directly at the officer's chest. Swerving his horse suddenly, he called out in Hindustani: "Run away, and I won't hurt you." After a moment's hesitation the man did so, disappearing with the speed of a greyhound!

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Price or Fare?

IN connection with the publication of the biography of Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., the following story is being related: "I say, Crooks, 'From Workhouse to Westminster' is six shillings," said a fellow-member to him. "Is it?" replied Mr. Crooks; "I always do it for fourpence halfpenny!"

Herr August Bebel.

HERR AUGUST BEBEL, the German Socialist leader, who has led the opposition to the Kaiser's Colonial schemes, is sixty-six years old, and in appearance to some extent recalls our own John Burns. He was born at Cologne, and was apprenticed to a carpenter at Leipzig. In 1871 he was elected to the German Reichstag as member for one of the divisions of Saxony, and a year afterwards he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress for the crime of insulting the German Empire. He has, in all, been imprisoned for nearly five years.

The Fly Pest.

NOW eighty years old, Mr. William Holman-Hunt, the great artist, will never paint another picture. His eyesight has failed him. He began to study art when eighteen, but before that was clerk to an auctioneer, when an amusing incident occurred. The windows in his room were made of ground glass, and, as he had little to do, the future R.A. spent much of his time in drawing flies upon the roughened surface. A blot of ink sufficed for the body and some delicate pencil strokes for the wings, and as the number increased, and one morning his employer came in, stopped before the window, and in amazed tones exclaimed: "I can't make out how it is. Every day that I come into this room there seem to be more and more flies. And, taking his handkerchief, he tried to brush them away!"

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£100,000 a Year for Killing Bulls



The Record Salaries of
Successful People.

THE Premier of Spain receives a salary of four thousand a year. Spain's crack bull-fighter, the famous matador Machaquito, makes twenty-five times that money in a twelve-month. Machaquito is perhaps the only matador alive who is by birth a gentleman. He is also the most gallant and one of the bravest men in Europe. He was married the other day. To signalise the occasion he gave £2,000 to the poor of

Cartagena and founded two asylums for the aged poor. The wedding presents, many of which bore cards from Spain's oldest and noblest families, filled three large rooms.

There is no one else in the whole world who, without capital, makes nearly two thousand a week by purely manual exertion. The highest salary paid to anyone in Europe is probably the £15,000 a year which is the nominal income of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of course, very little of this can by any possibility reach the Archbishop's private purse. His expenses are enormous.

The largest salaries from a business point of view are paid in America. They say that H. H. Rogers draws a hundred thousand dollars (£20,000) a year for his services to the Amalgamated Copper Company. H. O. Havemeyer is reputed to receive a similar sum for looking after the American Sugar Refining Company, and C. A. Coffin certainly gets £15,000 for being president of the General Electric Company.

WRITING BOOKS AT £150 A WEEK.

One of the biggest life insurance companies in New York used to pay its president £30,000 a year, but we understand that this too gigantic salary has recently been docked. There are also three American railway presidents who draw £15,000 a year. One of them is James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, the gentleman who, in opposition to Mr. Harriman, has recently been helping to turn the American stock-market upside down and inside out.

In the diplomatic world there are a few plums. Our Lord Chancellor, with his ten thousand a year, has the pick of the basket, but our Ambassador to France runs him close. He is paid £9,000 yearly and receives certain allowances into the bargain.

A writer who tickles the popular taste makes an income exceeding even that of a Lord Chancellor. It is commonly reputed that Mr. Hall Caine's receipts are well over twelve thousand a year. Probably those of Miss Corelli touch a similar figure. Successful playwrights have reaped enormous returns. No one exactly knows what Mr. Gilbert has made out of the Savoy series and their many revivals, but certainly his income must have run into five figures.

Lecturing pays even better than writing. H. M. Stanley once made £22,000 in ten weeks during an American tour, and "Ian Maclaren" £10,000 in six weeks. But these are, of course, not rates which could be kept up for a year, let alone a lifetime.

TWO SONGS FOR TWO-FIFTY.

One is apt to fancy that great singers make more money than any other public performers. Certainly Patti had a thousand apiece for a series of sixty concerts so lately as 1903, Melba charges £250 for singing a couple of songs at an evening party, and Clara Butt does nothing under £100. Yet, considering the risks of a voice, the huge expenses of a prima donna, and the fact that opera seasons are not continuous, the clear profits are not so big as imagined.

There are music-hall artistes who have run great singers very close. In 1904 Miss Vesta Tilley was offered £525 a week to perform in Chicago, and a year later that dainty little lady Miss Cissy Loftus signed a contract to appear twice a day at each of Proctor's two theatres. For this her salary was to be £630 a week, or at a rate of considerably over £30,000 a year!

Fregoli, we believe, holds the money-making record of the music-hall stage. Taking a portion of the receipts, he netted in Paris for sixty-seven performances £23,250. The first of these performances was on January 20th, 1900, and the last on May 2nd. At this rate he was coining money at the rate of about £80,000 a year, a performance certainly unparalleled by any living artiste, in spite of the enormous salaries that American managers have offered to British "turns" lately.

We mentioned the huge salaries paid to bank presidents and other business men. Emoluments not quite so large, but yet running into four figures, are earned by women also nowadays.

Mrs. McCarthy, who manages the dressmaking department in a mammoth Chicago store, gets £2,000 a year and a commission on sales, which probably runs to another thousand. Miss Ada C. Sweet and Miss Ellen Martin are other American women who draw £2,000 a year as managers.

NATURE SERIES.

How Birds Build Their Nests.

By "Gamekeeper."

IN the structure, position, and site of birds' nests one may find many useful hints as to the identity of their owners. Thus, supposing you are able to recognise at sight the more common nests, you stand a far better chance of finding the nest of a rarity.

Though all robins are known as "cock robins," some of them turn out to be hens, which, with their mates, do not wait for the fulfilment of spring to build their cosy nests, but go strictly by the calendar.

And, since the weather is likely to be boisterous when the young robins appear, their parents choose a nest-site with some sort of roof, a hole in a bank with overhanging grass being closely run for the robins' patronage by old tins, which, in better days, may have held tomatoes or corned beef—in fact, almost any cosy corner with reasonable pretensions to keeping out rain is where the red-breasts pitch their tent.

The quaint little gold-crest wren goes in for quite an elaborate home, made to hang from the underneath side of a fir-bough; the fact that these confiding little birds prefer the upside-down method of locomotion—the better to discover lurking insects—no doubt, has much to do with their nest-building habit.

The jenny wren, also, in rustic dialect, "scutty," makes a rather imposing nest for so small a bird, the chief feature of which is a fine domed roof, the whole edifice with its side entrance being composed of moss and dry leaves.

Perhaps the long-tailed tit's nest is the greatest work of art in birdland, though the chaffinch's is the neatest and most symmetrical. These tits' nests are nicknamed "watch-pockets," which they much resemble as they hang from a lichened oak.

Marvellously and with infinitely patient labour are these nests woven—moss-lichen and spiders' silken cords making them elastic, so that they give to the wind without disaster.

It is not easy to distinguish a blackbird's from a thrush's nest till you have looked inside, when the dry grass lining of the former is to the touch alone in distinct contrast to the mud-plastered interior of the latter.

Starlings and house-sparrows possess very vague ideas of quantities, and were they to set up as building contractors the majority would soon provide work for official receivers.

Given space under the eaves of your house, starlings think nothing of storing therein enough straw, hay, and feathers to build fifty nests, besides keeping your gardener busy half his time sweeping up their superfluous materials.

Rooks' nests need no description; but if you saw what looked like a rook's nest on the top of a tall tree in some out-of-the-way spot where no rooks are, you would probably not be far wrong in assuming it to be the nest of a carrion crow.

Jackdaws, with a view to cosiness and comfort, nest in holes in trees, church towers, and, in foolish moments, chimneys. And the quantity of sticks they will stuff down a chimney in their efforts to obtain a secure, non-slipping foundation is extraordinary, sometimes to the extent of blocking it almost from end to end.

The magpie builds a more elaborate nest than any of our bigger birds, and probably because a brand new one calls for so much labour and pains to build, a pair will stick to the same nest, giving it each spring a thorough overhauling inside and out—a sort of glorified spring-cleaning.

The turtle dove's nest is simply a small and light edition of the woodpigeon's thin apology for a nest. Both birds use sticks only to form the almost flat resting place for their eggs, but the turtle dove still further marks the simplicity of its tastes by placing its doubtful-looking nest in a low bush.

A bullfinch's nest may easily be mistaken for a turtle dove's, but it is more concave, has a little lining, and is built of roots instead of sticks.

The jay's idea of a nest is very much the same, so far as material goes, as the woodpigeon's, but much deeper, and the cunning owners make a point of choosing a site well hidden by foliage—for instance, a fork near the top of a birch pole.

Sparrowhawks and kestrels are very slovenly nest builders, any old tumble-down nest of their removed relations, or a dilapidated squirrel's drey, patched up till it is fairly safe, suits them admirably. The only point they generally insist on, when they are nesting in a tree, is that the adapted nest is near its trunk.

If proprietors of cinematograph shows want a subject of encouraging originality I would suggest the process of birds'-nest building from start to finish.

IN no part of the world has the scourge of the tse-tse fly been felt so keenly as in the Congo Free State. King Leopold draws over two and a half million pounds a year from its wild rubber, ivory, timber, gold, and other minerals, and this amount would easily be doubled if there were railways in the country or animals which did not succumb to the bites of the horrible insect.

With the object of solving this difficult problem, a series

of very interesting experiments were recently carried out by a Belgian Grenadier officer named Captain Nys. It occurred to him that if only zebras—which roam in great herds all over the Katanga country—could be trapped and tamed, there would be an ideal means of carrying the State's products. For, you see, the zebra is absolutely immune from the deadly effects of the tse-tse fly.

The King was so impressed with the idea that he set aside the sum of £4,000 in order that Captain Nys might give it a fair trial. Accompanied by a brother officer, Nys at once set out for Stanley Pool, travelled a thousand miles up the mighty Congo, and landed at one of the villages. Here he proceeded to get a caravan together. This proved a big task.

Finally, the captain got together thirty men, and established his camp near the village of Swampe, in the heart of the zebra country, where vast herds of these beautiful creatures were seen, some numbering several thousands. And in their trail were troops of lions and leopards. Captain Nys sent his men out armed with big nets of vegetable fibre and lassoes. But both netting and lassoing were found useless; for the zebras were exceedingly sensitive and timid, and, after many weeks, there were only about a dozen striped asses in the corral.

THE DIFFICULTY OF LABOUR.

The captain thereupon resolved to change his tactics and follow the method of the Indians in corralling wild elephants. He proposed to build a huge staked inclosure with a funnel-shaped mouth, into which his beaters might drive a whole herd of animals which—once inside—would find themselves in their natural surroundings with their usual grasses and plants and plenty of water. He would have stables built in the corners, and, after they had become accustomed to their surroundings, the animals were to be carefully trained.

To build such a corral meant employing over 600 men, and valuable weeks had to be spent in solemn councils with the headmen of the various tribes, who at last agreed to supply the labour—chiefly cannibals!

The ingenious captain carefully instructed his men for the great battue. When the stockade was finished it covered over 200 acres inclosed in a fence of cotton-woods about 20 feet high. At last, everything was ready, and the cannibal army set out on their strange enterprise. They spread themselves out in a vast fan, and, by degrees, drove together a herd of zebras nearly 4,000 strong.

All went well until they neared the "funnel" of the inclosure, when a large troop of lions sprang at the herd. The scene that followed baffles description. The beautiful zebras stampeded, the cannibals beat them mercilessly with torches and spears to get them into the corral, but it was useless; and, screaming, rearing on their haunches, biting, and leaping, they overwhelmed the beaters and raced back into the wilderness.

LURKING LIONS AND CUNNING CANNIBALS.

The captain had to start his work all over again. In the meantime, however, the wily savages had thought out a nice little plan of their own. This was nothing more nor less than to use the captain's corral for driving antelopes. And, before the captain quite realised what was afoot, they had driven in a thousand animals.

Now, this was a very serious breach of their agreement, and the captain knew that once a big feast was under way, work would be at an end. So he and his assistant faced the crowd with rifles levelled and compelled them to drive out the antelopes.

A second and third battue was also spoiled by lurking lions, but in a fourth attempt 1,800 zebras were trapped. No sooner were the animals in the corral than they fought and bit one another savagely and dashed themselves vainly against the solid fences, many of them killing themselves, so that at night Captain Nys' men posted themselves upon the walls of the corral with long lances. And although they were much quieter next day, it was some time before they could be induced to enter the inclosure. For nearly a week many of the animals refused to eat or drink, and about a hundred of them died from starvation and injuries.

However, a number of them were gradually tamed. Now they are superseding the sleepy native porters, and provide the Congo with a reliable means of transit.

Catching Zebras in a Funnel



How a Soldier Found the
Congo a Means of Transit.

Who Watched the Pony?

GEORGE EDALJI CONTINUES HIS STORY.

[Early in 1903 cattle-maiming outrages of a revolting character were perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Great Wyrley, Staffordshire. On Aug. 17th of that year a pony belonging to a colliery was mutilated, and for this deed the police arrested George Edalji, the son of the Vicar of Great Wyrley. He was tried on most unsatisfactory evidence, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. After undergoing three years' imprisonment he has been suddenly released on ticket-of-leave. Now, for the first time, he writes the whole history of his persecution, and advances proofs of his innocence.]

PERHAPS, then, it was the alleged "damp" clothing which led the police to conclude the crime was committed before ten? Certainly not, for they themselves swore there was not a drop of rain before 11.30. Had, then, the footmarks anything to do with it? Nothing whatever, for two excellent reasons, namely, (1) Because no footprints were alleged to be found at any point where I was seen by the witnesses, nor were any marks found showing that I had turned off the main road in order to go to the field. (2) The heavy rain which commenced at 11.30, and according to the police continued till 5.30 a.m., would obliterate any marks made before 10 p.m. Further, the police admitted there was no trace of water at all in the alleged footmarks, although there were puddles all around, which seems conclusively to indicate that if there were any footprints at all they were of very recent origin.

WATCHING THE FIELD.

It was proved that the duty of the large body of police stationed at Wyrley on special night work was not confined to merely watching for the mutilator, but they were also required to visit all animals in the fields from time to time, in order that if any of them were found to be injured immediate steps might be taken to track down the criminal. The sergeant, to whom I have already referred in discussing the many mistakes which the police made about the clothing, etc., was watching the field, the scene of the outrage, during part of the night; but two constables were specially appointed to guard this field, and they were there all night, having gone on duty shortly after 9.30. Here, then, were the very men who should have been able to state positively whether or not the pony was all right when they commenced their vigils. If it was safe and sound at that time, then, of course, the whole bottom immediately drops out of the already shattered theory of the police that the crime was committed between nine and ten, and the prosecution are further confronted with another awkward fact, namely, that somehow or other this unfortunate pony was disembowelled while the police were there, and practically under their very noses without them seeing or hearing anything likely to arouse their suspicions.

The fact that the field is one of only about an acre and a half, that it is in a most secluded position, and without any tree or other things to obstruct the view, and that the approaches to it could be easily guarded, makes the possibility of the crime having been perpetrated under such circumstances leave a very unpleasant impression on the mind.

If, on the other hand, the constables found the animal mutilated, either when they went on duty, or at any other hour of the night, their conduct is not forthwith reporting the matter is more extraordinary still. Whichever way the prosecution looked at the matter, therefore, it was evidently a most embarrassing predicament; but, as I have already shown, the police had no hesitation about ousting a veterinary surgeon when his evidence didn't fit their case, so the reader will not be surprised to learn that these two constables who were watching the field met with the same fate and were never called to give evidence. Not a word did counsel for the Crown say about those men, and from the evidence-in-chief, as given for the prosecution, it appeared that nobody was watching the field at all, and this, no doubt, was just what the police wished people to suppose.

Fortunately, however, for the cause of justice, it is permissible to cross-examine witnesses touching points which have not been dwelt on in the examination-in-chief, and the inspector and sergeant were questioned about the watch kept on the field, and it was only by dribblets that the truth, or so much of the truth as they deemed it expedient to divulge, was pumped out of them.

The inspector said he was responsible for all the men, but he only gave general directions where they were to go. He gave no written instructions, and there were no books or writings in existence showing where any men had been on any particular night. Two men were watching the field besides the sergeant who was there on and off. When he heard the pony had been maimed he asked his men which officers had been watching this field. He was not quite sure who they were, but believed Bradley and Weaver were the names given to him. He did not know that they would be called as witnesses, and believed it was not considered necessary. He did not know whether the men examined the pony when they went

on duty, but believed not. He was told the sergeant saw it standing in the field at 11 p.m., and thought it was all right. He believed the other officers had examined it too during the night. It was their duty to satisfy themselves as far as possible that it was all right. He believed they had no matches or lanterns. He believed the night was too dark to see whether the animals were all right. He could not explain how it was the constables did not look at the pony before going home after five in the morning when it was light enough to see it, but he denied that their omission to do so was gross negligence on their part.

The sergeant said he had a number of men working for him under his directions. He told them where to watch. He gave verbal instructions only. He gave no instructions to use pocketbooks or take down directions. He kept no pocketbook himself, as he did not think it necessary. He believed there was no documentary evidence dealing with the watching. The men went on duty between 9.30 and 10. It was their duty to examine the animals from time to time during the night. He did not think they looked at the pony when they went on duty. It was an unusually dark night after 10.30 and impossible to see. He was in the field at 11 p.m., and went with a man named Weaver to look at the pony. They went as close to it as possible, but had some difficulty in finding it. They could not tell if it was a pony or not. They struck no lights. They came away not knowing whether it was injured or not. He did not think it advisable to immediately report to the inspector that he could not tell whether the pony was all right. It commenced raining about 11.30, and rained hard all that night.

It was raining when he went home after 5 a.m. He did not look at the pony when it was light in the morning, because it was not his duty. He had heard that a man named Bradley saw the pony during the night. As far as he could remember it was not the duty of anyone but Bradley and Weaver to examine the pony. He did not know why they were not called as witnesses. He did not know at what times they went to look at the pony during the night. It was not much use going at all, as it was too dark.

He could not explain why they left the animal unnoticed in the morning when it was light enough to see it. If they were not sure whether it was all right during the night it would have been well for them to have satisfied themselves at daybreak, but he did not consider them negligent in not doing so.

NO NOTEBOOKS.

It appears to me a most extraordinary thing if the police really kept no memoranda of their doings in connection with the Wyrley sensations. I had hitherto always thought that every constable carried a notebook in which to record all matters of any importance in which he was concerned whilst on duty. Of course, I can see that the alleged absence of notebooks and the giving of only verbal instructions to the men was a very convenient arrangement for the police—quite as convenient for the prosecution, in fact, as was the receipt of the anonymous letters making me out to be member of a "gang," and so providing for the contingency of outrages after my arrest—but though it might have been very embarrassing for the police to have had to produce any notebooks or written instructions I can scarcely believe that no documentary evidence as to the work of the detectives and the watching of the field was ever in existence, though I dare say there was none at the time of my trial. Even making the fullest allowance for the very crude and peculiar methods apparently adopted by the Staffordshire constabulary in their attempts to put an end to the outrages, I cannot imagine that no notes were kept of their work.

In this connection I might incidentally refer to one of Mr. G. R. Sims' "Byways of Babylon" stories, which appeared in No. 868 of this journal. In the course of a very interesting article on the night work of the police in London, Mr. Sims says:

But if anything happens—a quarrel in the street, a disturbance in a public-house, a collision in the roadway, a slip on the pavement, or anything of that kind, you will notice that his interest becomes keen at once, and that his notebook and pencil are instantly produced.

For the constable must keep a diary. In the day it is a diary of the day; in the dark hours it is a diary of the night. He will enter the particulars of every occurrence that is in the remotest way connected with the good order and safety of the streets. Every constable when he goes off duty reports from his diary to the inspector, and the inspector copies the reports out into a big ledger of daily events, which is kept in the most methodical manner possible at every police-station.

It is plain, therefore, that whatever lax methods may prevail in the county of Stafford, things appear to be different elsewhere.

CONUNDRUMS.

The suppression of the evidence of the two constables who were watching the field raises a host of

queries to which it is impossible even to hazard an answer. First comes the all-important question, why were they not called? That they were not kept back in order to further the interests of justice or with a view to eliciting the truth is abundantly clear. Was it, then, because the prosecution dreaded some disclosures which would inevitably blast their wonderful "theory" which in the end they had to throw overboard altogether? Did these constables or either of them report that when they went on duty or at some other hour of the night the animal was uninjured? If so, the public will readily understand why it was "not thought necessary" to call them, and will be able also to form a very good opinion of the "theory" that the crime was committed between nine and ten, as well as of the bond fides of a prosecution which advances such a theory. If the police did not visit the pony immediately they went on duty what explanation can they give of such a serious omission? Why did they wait till it got too dark to see anything?

Surely officers going on duty between 9.30 and 10 would promptly satisfy themselves that the animal which they had to look after was all right then. It seems inconceivable that they should have delayed doing so for nearly an hour and a half and waited till it was too dark to see anything owing to the heavy downfall of rain which was then imminent. If they really could not see whether the pony was uninjured it appears strange they failed to report the matter forthwith to the inspector and so get a light. It seems stranger still that they should not have looked at the animal at daybreak if they had not previously made sure that it was all right. Surely, if they had any doubts the last thing they would have done before leaving would have been to satisfy themselves about it.

One is forced to the conclusion, therefore, that the pony was undoubtedly found to be uninjured at some hour of the night by the men who were watching. If, as seems most likely, they did examine the animal and see that it was all right when they went on duty, and assuming also that they remained at their posts all night, one can perhaps understand them not going to look at it in the morning if they heard no suspicious sounds during the night. I should doubt, however, if the pony would submit to be so horribly mutilated without either making a noise or galloping away.

The whole affair is a most mysterious one, and the only point that is clear is that the pony could not have been injured between nine and ten, as the police tried to make out. As for the other queries raised, they are conundrums which the two constables alone can solve.

WITNESSES TO MY MOVEMENTS.

The police brought five witnesses to testify to my movements on the night of the crime. I gave evidence for myself, and besides my parents, sister, and Miss D. Earp (a servant at the vicarage), I called five wholly independent witnesses in support of my statements. As regards three of these latter witnesses, the police originally took statements from them, but unceremoniously cast them off on finding that this evidence did not fit in with what Sir A. Conan Doyle has described as "their pre-arranged campaign."

First, then, for the witnesses brought by the prosecution.

Mr. Danbury swore that at 9 p.m. he met me walking on the road at a spot 200 yards or more on the Bridgtown side of Benton's Farmhouse, and over three-quarters of a mile from the field, the scene of the tragedy. Cross-examined: He did not look at his watch. He remembered the time because the hooter of Hawkins' colliery near by blew nine as I passed. He could not say how I was dressed, except that I wore dark clothes and a straw hat.

The next witness was Mr. F. W. Gipton. He said he was in Station Street from 9 to 9.20 with Miss Biddle, and that I passed them at a spot about two minutes' walk from my home, and more than half a mile from the field. It was about 9.10. Cross-examined: Mr. Gipton said that he was engaged to be married to Miss Biddle and that their walk that evening was more or less of a lover's stroll. He would say I was walking at ordinary pace, but I followed behind him for some distance before overtaking him. He did not look at his watch, but guessed the time from having heard a colliery whistle blow nine a few minutes before. He did not see me turn aside off the main street to go in the direction of the field. He saw many people in the street. He could not say whether the clothing produced was what I was wearing that night.

Miss Biddle corroborated. Cross-examined: She first saw me coming from the road at another part of which Mr. Danbury saw me a few minutes earlier, and which road leads into Station Street. She heard me following behind for some distance before passing her. She could not identify the clothing produced to her as that worn by me. She did not see me turn aside off the main street.

(Another instalment next week.)

This remarkable story commenced in No. 864. Each numbers containing the former instalments can be obtained from your newsagent for 1s. or from these offices for 1s. 4d., post free.

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WHAT HAUNTS HAUNTED HOUSES?

THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

II.—By a Member of the Psychical Research Society.

[This article may be taken as the official view of the Society for Psychical Research, which counts amongst its members such famous men as Lord Rayleigh, Mr. A. J. Balguy, M.P., and Sir Oliver Lodge. As in the first article in this series we had the views of an avowed disbeliever in the return of the dead to earth, so here we have the "open mind" on the subject, whilst next week will be given the opinion of Mrs. Endicott, the famous clairvoyant, who, of course, firmly believes in the supernatural nature of what are commonly termed "ghosts."]

It may be as well to state at the outset that membership of the Society for Psychical Research does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the physical world, of forces other than those recognised by physical science.

All I propose to do, therefore, is to put forward the various explanations of the phenomena associated with haunted houses, which we regard as at least intelligible and within the bounds of possibility, leaving the reader to take his choice.

Leaving aside the pranks of practical jokers, the first and most obvious explanation of a ghost is that the person who sees it is suffering from a hallucination. Here it may not be out of place briefly to consider the question of hallucinations.

I refer, of course, to hallucinations of the sane, and to hallucinations of the senses (sight, hearing, and, in some rare cases, touch) as distinct from hallucinations of the mind.

HALLUCINATIONS THAT TELL OF DEATH.

These comprise two classes: (1) Hallucinations of a purely subjective origin, and (2) hallucinations of a telepathic origin. Or, in simpler words, hallucinations which are caused by some abnormality or disorder on the part of the subject, hallucinations which are produced by the mind of a living person acting telepathically on the mind of another person, and thus producing an externalised impression.

In regard to the former class, I do not think much further explanation is necessary. At the same time, if there can be little doubt as to their general origin, they are often difficult to explain and may easily be mistaken for ghostly appearances. For they will attack perfectly sane and apparently perfectly healthy persons without the slightest warning, and without apparently any predisposing cause, although, no doubt, some could be found if one only knew where to look for it.

Ordinary hallucinations, however, are distinguishable by the fact that, as a rule, they have no recognisable connection with persons living or dead or with events past or passing. In short, they are essentially meaningless and almost without exception the hallucination, whether it takes the form of apparitions, voices, or, as in some rare cases, the feeling of being touched by unseen hands, is confined to one person at a time.

Now, in regard to telepathic hallucinations, these take the same forms as the other variety; but, with this important difference, that they are phantasms of living, recognisable people, and almost invariably portend or announce the death of the person whom they recall or represent, or, at all events, some great crisis in his life.

GHOSTS PRODUCED BY IMAGINATION.

Of the appearance of such phantasms, thousands and thousands of cases have been recorded and verified beyond dispute. But it is not pretended that what was seen was the spirit of the newly-dead; we simply say that it was a hallucination produced by a still living mind in a state of great exaltation, acting upon a mind in close sympathy with it.

The connection between telepathic hallucinations and ghosts may not be so obvious as that between ghosts and ordinary hallucinations, but none the less it is there. Just as ordinary hallucinations may be mistaken for supernatural phenomena, so is it probable that many of the old ghost stories had their origin in a telepathic hallucination or phantasm of the living, the true nature of which was not then even guessed at.

This is the more probable that once a ghost has been established in a house or locality there is always a tendency on the part of certain people to imagine they see it, a process which is not to be confounded with genuine hallucination. In one form or another, then, hallucination is not only a possible, but a probable explanation of many cases of ghost-seeing related by people of unquestioned credibility and sincerity. But it is not an explanation which will fit every case.

When the ghost is recognisable as that of a person

long since dead, when it is seen by different people at different times, and when there is some obvious purpose in its visit or clear connection with some event, it is plain that such an apparition cannot be explained away as a hallucination either ordinary or telepathic.

We must either put it down as inexplicable or admit that it is supernatural. But to do the latter is not necessarily to

say that the apparition was a veritable spirit returned to earth. It does, however, involve a belief in the survival of human personality after death.

Just as the mind of a living person acting on the mind of another person can produce a phantasm of the living, so may it be possible for a spirit mind similarly to act upon a living mind and produce a phantasm of the dead, which, as in the phantasm of the living, may seem to speak, and even to be capable of touch.

This, at all events, is another explanation of ghosts, and if there is nothing like the evidence in support of telepathic hallucinations caused by the dead that there is in support of those caused by the living, there is, at all events, sufficient evidence to justify this theory being put forward as well within the bounds of possibility. There remains the acceptance of ghosts as spirits from another world. I can only say that so far there is not sufficient evidence either way to justify one in giving a definite opinion on this point.

In conclusion, the subject is a vast and complicated one, and I have but touched the fringe of it. To those who would care to pursue it, I recommend Mr. F. W. H. Myers' great work "Human Personality, and its Survival of Bodily Death."

FORTUNES IN GUN-RUNNING.

THE cartridges seized recently at Newcastle, Sunderland, and elsewhere constitute but a very small proportion of those made on the Continent to the order of the Russian revolutionaries, and intended to be smuggled into Finland through this country.

So long ago as last July the British Government issued an official warning to shipowners and masters against the practice, doubtless at the bidding of the Russian Intelligence Department, who are far better informed, because more deeply concerned, in this matter, than are we ourselves. But it is an open secret that the warning fell upon deaf ears.

And no wonder. The profits are enormous and the risks small. The rifles, made mostly in Belgium, cost 30s. apiece delivered in England, and the revolutionary committees pay £5 for every one placed in their hands, and in like proportion for suitable ammunition. Revolvers, too, are extensively smuggled, but these do not carry so large a margin of profit as do the rifles.

South Finland is where practically all the cases of contraband arms and ammunition are consigned to. It is an ideal smugglers' country; the interior little more than a huge labyrinth of lakes, morasses, broads, deep dykes, and short, rapid streams called "fjarden."

The inhabitants are revolutionaries to a man, so that the gun-runners have practically the whole countryside at their beck and call, to act as carriers, or as spies on the movements of the "enemy"—that is to say, the Tsar's soldiers and policemen.

The principal risk lies in getting the cargoes landed, but in this connection it must be remembered that the Russian revenue cruisers can only lawfully overhaul neutral ships inside their own territorial waters, Russia not now being at war with any other nation, and having no power, consequently, to declare rifles and ammunition contraband upon the high seas.

"PERHAPS," growled the unsuccessful contributor, "you don't consider that joke original?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" replied the editor.

"Ah! Then why—"

"Yes; it was original about seventy-five years ago, but you don't appear to be so old as that."

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[Of all the undesirable characters who infest St. James's Park there is none more truculent or wolfish than the tall, gaunt, red-haired tramp known as "Carrots." And here is his story.]

My father was a farm-labourer in Norfolk, and I was the eldest of seven children. My father's wages were nine bob a week, with a little extra at hay-making and harvest time. Naturally, we never suffered from the effects of over-eating ourselves, and we never saw such a thing as meat, unless you call fat bacon meat.

When I was twelve I started work on a farm at a bob a week, and kept at it till I was sixteen. Then I came to the conclusion that farm-labouring wasn't good enough for me, and so I left home and tramped to London, which I reached with 5s. in my pocket and the clothes I stood up in.

This was in 1880 when there was more chance for a strong chap to get a job than there is now—not that I burst my braces running after work now, but that's what chaps tell me—and I soon got a job as porter in an ironmonger's shop at 6s. a week and my bed and board.

Among the chaps working at the shop was a van-man who went in for horse-racing. He often used to tell me of the big sums he won, though now I come to think of it he never mentioned his losses.

One day he gave me a "tip" for the City and Suburban. "Quicklime" was the name of the horse; I had 2s. on it, and it won at 20 to 1. That win ruined me.

I went in for backing horses right and left, and when my own money was gone, which was mighty soon, I helped myself from the till, was found out, and sent to gaol for a month.

Of course, I deserved it—I'm not saying for a moment I didn't—but I can't help thinking that if the guv'nor or beak had given me another chance there would have been one tramp the less now.

When I came out I tried all I knew to get work, but it was no good—I guess I sort of smelt of gaol. At last, in desperation, I went up to a well-dressed chap and asked him to give me a penny to buy food. He looked at me as though he would read my very soul—supposing I've got one—and then turning on his heel told me to follow him. He took me to a decent-looking house Wapping way, and soon I was getting outside a square meal.

All the time I was eating he studied me closely, and then, after giving me a stiff dose of whisky, he said suddenly, "Where are you going to sleep to-night?" "Same place as last night I suppose—in a doorway," I answered.

Then, fixing his eyes on mine, he said sternly, "Tell me all about yourself. But mind, no lies!" I felt inclined to pitch him a tale, but his hard, penetrating eyes were too much for me, and I told him the truth.

"Look here," said he, "I've taken a fancy to you. How would you like to live on the fat of the land, wear good clothes, sleep in a comfortable bed, and always have money in your pocket?" What could I answer, but that it was the sort of life I'd enjoy. "I suppose," he went on, "since your little experience you're not particular as to the kind of work you do?"

The whisky was in my head, and I told him I was his man for anything short of murder, and then he took me down through a trap-door in the floor into a cellar, and when I came up again I was in partnership with a "smasher"—in other words, a coiner.

My job was to pass the coins, and for a time I had marvellous luck, living as promised on the fat of the land; but one day the inevitable happened; I was "pinched" and got two years. They tried their hardest to get me to give my associates away, but I didn't blab—the coiner might have destroyed my last chance of turning over a new leaf, but, at all events, he had always treated me fairly. And I didn't "grouse" about my bad luck. It was a fair fight between me and the law, and the law won.

So now I am sliding downhill fast as if I had skates on, and some of the things I have done since then won't bear thinking of. But, as a matter of fact, the next time I was "lagged" I was innocent; but, all the same, I got five years' penal servitude, thanks to my previous bad record.

That five years completely broke me up, and I came out determined never to do a stroke of work again, and I have lived on the public as a tramp ever since.

I like the life, and should be perfectly happy if only it were always summer. But I can't stand cold, so when winter comes I just do something to get me into prison, where it is always warm, the food not so bad when you're used to it, and the work lighter than they give you in a workhouse.

I don't think I shall ever be anything now but a tramp. As I have said, I like the life, and once a tramp always a tramp.

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

Prince of Wales Opens the New List with £25.

THE sixteenth season of the Fresh Air Fund's work among slum children will be formally opened on Monday, June 10th, at Loughton, when the Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir W. P. Treloar, whose devotion to suffering childhood has made his name a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land, will be present to see the joy of the first company of little children sent from London's courts and alleys this year to the grand old forest of Epping for an F.A.F. holiday.

It is expedient for several reasons that this fact should be announced thus early. Among town-dwelling people there is already much talk of holidays. No sooner does winter turn its back on the land than people of all degrees sigh for the open country. The possibilities of a rush to the woods or the sea on the first fine Saturday afternoon are under discussion.

It is so with the Fresh Air Fund, which, though it cannot be classified as a household, has a vast family of needy boys and girls to provide holidays for. It might well be staggered at the magnitude of the task it has set itself, seeing that its final aim is to give every suffering child in every slum in the kingdom a country outing, and that every year it sets out with the determination to go one long step farther towards accomplishing that ultimate purpose.

AN INCREASE EVERY YEAR.

Last year the Fresh Air Fund provided a country holiday for no fewer than 203,995 children, drawn from the slum areas of all towns in the kingdom with a population of 100,000 and upwards. This year the good work will be carried into all towns with 90,000 or more inhabitants. Its influence will thus be felt in forty towns.

Royalty has honoured and helped the Fresh Air Fund. The Prince of Wales has expressed his pleasure in the work it is doing, and the list of subscriptions for the coming season leads off with the annual gift of £25 from his Royal Highness.

What is the record of the Fresh Air Fund? A grand one beyond any possibility of question. Started in 1892, in that year it gave 20,600 children, all of London, a country outing. In the following year its operations were still confined to London, but the number of children benefited was increased to 40,000. The Fresh Air Fund has never looked back. In 1894 it brightened the lives of 74,000 little ones, extending its influence to Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast also. And last year it provided a country holiday for the enormous number of 101,895 poor little children in London alone!

The remaining 102,600 were chosen from many

great manufacturing centres, such as Birmingham, where 6,500 children were benefited, Manchester 6,000, Liverpool 5,600, Glasgow 6,000, and Belfast 5,000.

To look at the aggregate of the fifteen seasons' work of the Fresh Air Fund is to find that considerably more than a million and a half little ones have been granted the healthful pleasures of a countryside day, an experience which would have been impossible for them except for this children's charity.

THE CHEAPEST CHARITY.

The Fresh Air Fund has always merited the description, given it some years ago now, of "The Cheapest Charity."

Never a penny of the money subscribed to it has been spent on organisation or management. Its balance-sheet is a thing of beautiful simplicity in these days of expensively administered philanthropies. On the one side is the gross total of subscriptions received; on the other the cost of the children's outings. That is all. Every item of working expense is borne by the promoters and the Ragged School Union.

And when it is considered that years of experience, coupled with the ever-ready advice of the R.S.U. experts, have made it possible to take a child to the country, give it plenty of wholesome country food, and every necessary convenience and attention, for the insignificant sum of ninepence, it will be seen that the term "cheapest" is rightly bestowed.

The children are generally taken to the country in parties of 200, which, with a sufficient number of attendants, cost £8 2s. In past seasons many sympathisers with the F.A.F. have undertaken the entire cost of one of these parties, and the day on which the little ones have gone for their outing has been known by the name of their benefactor. It is a pretty idea, and the children are not slow to appreciate the kindly thoughtfulness at the back of a "name day" excursion.

It has sometimes been asked whether the Fresh Air Fund reaches the right class of children, and from time to time people who have subscribed to it have themselves joined in one of the outings, generally paying a surprise visit, in order to see whether really needy children benefit by the movement. The result of their personal inquiries has left them more than satisfied.

NEVER SEEN THE COUNTRY IN THEIR LIVES.

There were some cases last year in which surprise visitors were so deeply impressed with the dire poverty they saw in the ranks of the pale-faced little children marching out among the green trees of Epping Forest that they forthwith doubled their subscriptions to the fund.

It may be asked: "Are there really to be found more than 200,000 children who, but for the Fresh Air Fund, would never all the year round be able

to get a glimpse of the country?" The answer must be an emphatic "Yes, and thousands more besides."

Why, even though more than a hundred thousand little children in London alone were given a Fresh Air Fund outing last season, the expert philanthropists who so devotedly give their free services to the cause found thousands more children in the slums of the metropolis who were in absolute need of a holiday, and who had no manner of means of enjoying even one brief day in the country except by the help of charitable people.

Worse than that, the larger number of those little ones who were left behind had never seen a country landscape in their lives!

Will you help in this great work of loving charity? There is such a crying need of every smallest subscription. If nothing else could move your heart towards these poor children, the sight of a Fresh Air Fund cripple party would do it. The workers never cease to find fresh cripples in the slums—pitiful child forms cruelly warped and withered, pinched little faces permanently drawn with the twinges of constant pain—and these it is the greatest joy of all to make happy, and to see ever so faint a sun flush light the delicate cheeks. Whole parties of cripples, sometimes as many as 600 of them, are taken from London's slums to Loughton in a body and given a day of quiet delight amid the beautiful forest surroundings.

WILL YOU HELP THIS WORK?

Hundreds of cripples are cared for in the provinces also, and they, and the other children as well, are taken out to some sweet, rural picnic place chosen by the local Fresh Air Fund helpers for its beauty and its nearness of access to the children's homes.

Again, will you help this work? Your subscriptions will be gladly received by the honorary secretary of the Fresh Air Fund, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and they will be acknowledged from week to week in these columns. Do not delay your help, for plans are being made now for a heavy season's work, and scores of thousands of little children are wistfully awaiting your acts of charity.

"What's the matter, Mr. Crabbe?" asked Mrs. Starvem. "The way you sip your soup and stare up at the ceiling in that far-away manner, it would seem it reminds you of something."

"Yes," replied the sarcastic lodger; "it reminds me of soup, faintly."

"Tommy, why are you not at your sister's wedding?"

"Cause she's marryin' the wrong man, an' I told 'em I'll sing right out an' tell the preacher so."

"What is the matter with the young man?"

"He yanked me out from under the sofa once an' spanked me!"

Readers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their newsagents issues Nos. 854 to 875 inclusive, containing the first twenty-five sets of pictures, or they will be sent for 2s. 5d. to any part of Britain, or 2s. 10d. abroad, post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

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Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

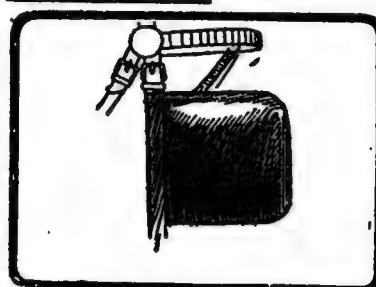
You have now to examine the pictures given, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut out the whole of this announcement, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions.

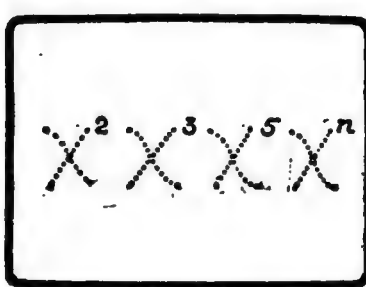
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All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.

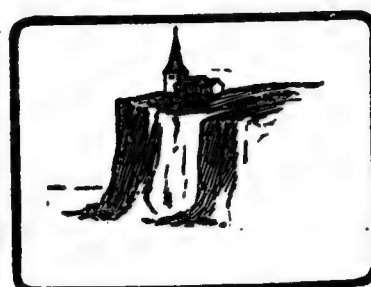
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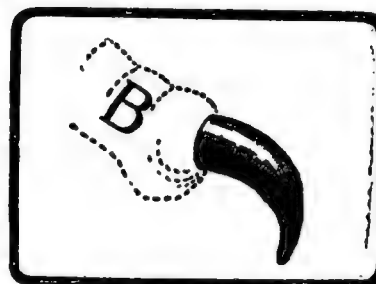
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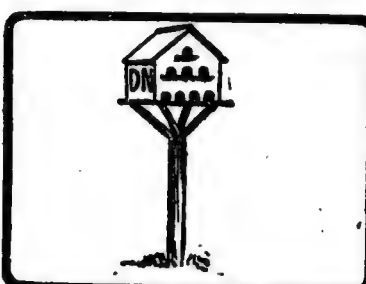
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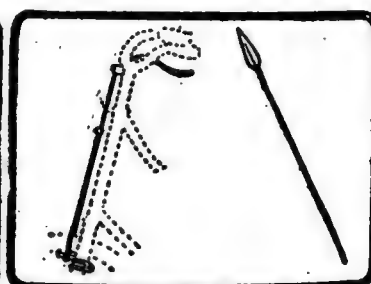
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154



155



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Another set of pictures will appear next week

Name..... Address.....

Full conditions governing this competition appeared in number 858, and will appear again shortly.

For tricks and catches that perplex
Consult the ROYAL'S "Mr. X."

THE FATAL ACE.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

RICHARD RUSHDEN and Guy Squirrel both love Mollie, the daughter of Colonel Brabant.

Richard and Guy are cousins, and have been companions since boyhood. Richard is good-natured, clumsy, tall and strong, a failure except where sport is concerned; Guy is handsome and brainy. Richard exists on two hundred a year—and expectations; Guy earns a comfortable income at engineering.

Guy, being very fond of ballooning, has taken a cottage on the south coast of Cornwall in order to carry out some experiments, and Rushden, having nothing better to do, has joined him. During one of these flying trips the refractory balloon descends into a very pretty garden, and the aeronauts make the acquaintance of Mollie Brabant.

When late at night they tramp homewards behind a cart bearing the body of the monster that refuses to soar, they acknowledge, after a long period of smoke and silence, that they have both fallen in love.

Both in love! That is the perplexing part of it; they can't both marry Mollie, yet each wants to.

Since they have been boys they have allowed Luck to decide their knotty points, and this, the greatest problem of their life, they agree to settle by the cards. Each shall draw a card alternately, and the one who draws the first ace is the one who shall first propose to Mollie.

The tension is terrific; card after card is drawn, but no ace. Whilst they stare with set faces at the cards before them a knock is heard, and a light step sounds in the hall. Rushden looks up and sees standing in the doorway the girl who has captured his heart.

Mollie is very surprised, but the two men assure her they are not playing cards. They explain the conditions of the draw, but they do not tell her what the prize is.

Rushden looks at the card he drew just as Mollie entered. It is an ace. His exultation is only eclipsed by Guy's disappointment. He takes Mollie by the arm, leads her out of the cottage, and tells her of his love.

Good Fortune, who usually frowned on him, completely changes. Besides being accepted by Mollie, his expectations are realised. The consumptive young man who stood between him and the title and estate of Lord Westingham suddenly dies.

Dick journeys to London to see about his inheritance. On his return he sees Guy and Mollie sailing the air. He ascends with them, and a storm arises, which blows out towards the Atlantic Ocean. And night comes on.

The balloon sinks gradually until Squirrel discovers that they are only a few feet above the water. All the ballast has been thrown out. There is only one way to make the monster rise. Either Guy or Dick will have to jump out of the balloon and its occupants will perish.

When Mollie learns of their predicament she faints.

Again the two chums agree that Luck shall decide. Just as they are about to toss a coin to settle which shall sacrifice his life, Squirrel, afraid of losing, tells Rushden that in his absence Mollie has learned to love him (Squirrel), and never really loved Rushden at all.

When Dick hears this he clambers over the car towards the rope. To him life is not worth living now. The suspicious look on his cousin's face, however, makes him attempt to climb back into the car. But Guy batters his fingers with a wrench, and he lets go. Then the aerial monster soars upwards.

When Mollie regains consciousness she sees that Dick is missing, and is greatly alarmed.

Guy tells of their narrow escape, and lies once more. He says that Rushden and himself tossed to decide which should make the sacrifice. Although he won, he says, he wished to leave Mollie her lover, and would have gone over the side had not Rushden reminded him that he was the only one who could manage the balloon.

Then, at an inappropriate moment, Squirrel confesses his love for Mollie, who tells him that the respect she once bore him has turned to hate. In a fury she calls him "murderer."

The false friend, however, will not be balked, and declares that he will keep Mollie up in the air until she agrees to become his wife. His threat having no effect, a viler one is made, and Mollie succumbs.

Squirrel, having achieved his purpose, the balloon begins to descend. They alight in a field, and a passing cart drives them to Colonel Brabant's residence. Mollie's father is overjoyed at the safe return of the idol of his eye, and Squirrel tells him the same fictitious tale that he had told Mollie, and the Colonel believes it.

When Dick drops from the balloon the cold water braces him up for a time, but later he gets exhausted. On coming to his senses he finds himself in the luxurious cabin of a yacht.

The yachtman hears his story, and scoffs at it. He refers to the magnificent Westingham diamonds that Dick had intended to present to Mollie, and suggests that they are the proceeds of a robbery.

Pestered by his preserver's questions, Dick falls asleep. He is in a state of coma for days, and when at last he does awake he finds himself in an evil-smelling bunk listening to the profanities, in half a dozen languages, of half a dozen rough sailors.

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER SIX.

Rescued, but for What?

DICK got out gingerly on to the unsteady lower deck. The mists had at last rolled away from his brain, the fever had left him, and save for a deadly sense of weakness he felt well enough. But everything was changed. This was not the tiny cabin that told of a trim little yacht. Here was space—cribbed, cabined, and confined, but still space. For an instant he wondered whether the other had been all a dream. But no; he had simply changed his quarters—how he knew not.

A clumsy Dutchman lurched up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Vell, mein friend, it's time you did some work, ain't it?"

"Where am I?" Dick asked curtly. "What ship is this? Where's the Captain?"

"Mein Gott," ejaculated the German admiringly, "if I could get as drunk as you! But no; mein Schiedam make me so that I am nefer sober—but nefer do I get drunk!"

"The Captain!" Dick repeated savagely. "Take me to the Captain."

The Dutchman gave him a good-natured arm. "I take you," he said, "but der schkipper is heil. Go slow, mein friend—go slow."

The kindly advice was lost on Dick. Pride surged up in him—hot and strong. Again he reminded himself that he was the Earl of Westingham, a peer of the greatest Empire the world knows. He looked down, and saw himself clad in a rough jersey and overalls. He had a vague sense that there was something wrong.

So to the Captain, and right up to that holy of holies, the bridge.

"May I ask, sir," Dick began.

"You confounded swab, what the deuce are you doing?"

"Get down!"

"Excuse me—"

The skipper was a little, thin-lipped man, with a jaw like a convict. He wasted no words, but landed between the eyes so strenuously that Dick instantaneously found himself at the bottom of the steps.

"Now," queried the Captain, grimly looking down, "what do you want?"

Dick didn't want anything—now! He would, indeed, have liked to commit murder, but the flesh was weak.

"What am I doing here?" he gasped. His brain was getting misty again, and he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Doing here? Eating a man's rations, and nothing else. I knew you were rotten drunk, but I wouldn't have taken you if I'd known how bad you were! You'll have to look alive now you've come to. Get for'ad!"

"But look here," said Dick firmly, "isn't there some mistake?" Weak as he was, that smashing blow between the eyes had not cowed him.

"Mistake? You signed on at Hamburg as A.B., and though you are not A.B. by a long chalk, I guess I've got to put up with that. I'll make you able before I'm through."

"Signed on!" said Dick contemptuously. "With this hand—and whilst I was unconscious!"

"Made your mark, then," retorted the Captain, with an evil smile. "Get for'ad, my man, or it'll be the worse for you."

But Rushden was made of sterner stuff. He began to realise the situation. The diamonds were gone, and he had been "shanghaied." That was clear. Anyway, he must know where he stood.

"You'll suffer for this presently," he said, looking the Captain straight in the eye. "Meanwhile, I should like to know our destination."

"Valparaiso eventually," answered the skipper sullenly, his truculent fist somehow arrested.

"And when shall we arrive?"

"In six months, if we're lucky. And now get for'ad, I tell you—sharp."

And for'ad Dick went. Valparaiso—and in six months' time! Meanwhile, what would Guy Squirrel be doing—and what would Mollie believe?

CHAPTER SEVEN.

The Unloved Lover.

SEVERAL weeks passed before Mollie quite recovered from her terrible experience. The fact that there was no one to whom she could confide made her recovery slow. All she could clearly remember was her promise to Guy Squirrel. That haunted her day and night, and it was that which kept her lips locked, though her father didn't question her, as he knew how terribly she had suffered, and he wanted to help her forget.

But to Mollie Brabant forgetfulness refused to come. Those awful hours she had spent in mid-air still seemed like a nightmare, but the one real thing which existed was Guy Squirrel and her promise to marry him. He visited The Towers and was assiduous in his attentions to her; nothing could have exceeded his kindness and gentleness, but she was careful never to be left alone with him.

Four months passed, and eventually the day she dreaded came—the day when her father took her hand and gently told her of Squirrel's proposal.

"Of course," he said kindly, "I don't want to force you to marry him against your inclinations, and you've still plenty of time to think it over. At first I imagined that his proposal was only prompted by a sense of honour and duty, but latterly he has given me to understand that he genuinely loves you."

Mollie said nothing at the time, but ere the year passed the news leaked out in the countryside that Colonel Brabant's daughter had accepted the hand of Lord Guy Westingham.

The marriage was arranged to take place early in the spring of the approaching year, and Guy Squirrel that was, now Lord Westingham, courted and flattered by everyone for his wealth and title, should have been perfectly happy, having gained his heart's desire.

But he wasn't happy!

It wasn't cheering to a prospective bridegroom to see hatred in the eyes of his affianced wife instead of love. Even his wealth failed to drive evil and ugly thoughts and fears from his mind. The great house and vast estates which he had inherited bored instead of pleased him. The house was too large and gloomy, but Mollie had made a condition that, instead of a honeymoon, they should go straight to his future home. So he had early taken up his residence there to prepare it for her reception.

But the place got on his nerves; the rooms were dark and panelled with oak, the halls and corridors long and winding, piled with heavy black furniture, and from the lofty walls great portraits of distant relatives stared down disapprovingly.

In the dining-room was a portrait of Rushden's father; his eyes always seemed to fix themselves on Guy with a cold, questioning gaze, as if asking where his son was. It was a question that Guy often asked himself in the long hours of the winter evenings.

He was haunted by the ridiculous fear that Rushden still lived, and would appear at the last moment to rob him of his bride; he knew that the fear was preposterous, but he could not get rid of it. Whenever he was alone he felt he was being followed, and he found himself continually glancing over his shoulder, as if expecting to see someone or something at his elbow.

It was this something he dreaded, the unknown and ghostly; his dead friend's spirit more than the possibility of seeing that friend in the flesh.

Conscience, when once it gets the whip-hand of a man, is apt to prove a cruel, relentless master. Those who in the battle of life quarrel with this friend and counsellor, and decide to take his advice only when convenient to themselves, would be wiser if they threw him over altogether, killed and buried him out of sight—if possible, out of mind. Guy Squirrel hadn't sufficient courage or else wasn't sufficiently a blackguard to murder his mentor with one fell stroke; the fact that he was horrified at what he had done, or, as he put it himself, at what Fate had tempted him into doing, proved that remnants of decent feelings of honour and manhood still clung to him.

True, he began to get annoyed at Conscience pricks. He didn't want to remember, he didn't want to think about what had happened; it was just Fate, he told himself, that had given him wealth and a title, and was going to give him the woman he desired for a wife. He had been tempted to help Fate—but he had acted under great stress of emotion, and it was really Mollie's life that he had been anxious to save, not his own.

Squirrel fully intended as soon as he had made Mollie his wife to live a thoroughly upright, virtuous, and honourable life, a life without reproach, without fear; to do good to all men, to do as much for others as for himself; but, above all, to make the woman he loved perfectly happy. Her beauty would give her popularity he knew, and he intended that his money should give her happiness.

At present it was difficult to act up to his ideals. He could not help realising he wasn't popular on the Westingham estates, and he didn't quite know how to set about winning popularity. The servants looked at him doubtfully, distrustfully; the tenants frankly regarded him as an interloper, an outsider. He wasn't one of the family, the old family they had served for so many years, and they reminded him of it in a dozen different ways. They were polite, chillingly so; but at the same time an invisible barrier surrounded them, which he felt he himself could not break down.

And it was just this that made him hate West House, that added to its loneliness and its silence. It was a ghost-ridden, dream-haunted place; it mocked him. It would be very different, though, he told himself, when he brought Mollie there. He would dismiss the old servants and get new ones; she would win the hearts of his tenants quickly enough, she would bring life and laughter to the dull rooms, she would help him to forget and frighten away the ghosts, and he—

Surely he would be able to teach her to love him?

That thought was ever in his mind until it became a question—a question that pursued him by night and by day. He had only seen her once or twice since her illness, and then seldom alone. That she was going to keep her promise to marry him he, of course, knew; but whether she would love him—that was such a very different question. He had boasted sometimes in the past that he understood women, but now he began to wonder and to doubt.

He instinctively knew Mollie Brabant was not a woman to be persuaded; he had tried persuasion, and failed. He had tried force, and succeeded—in a sense. He had succeeded in getting his own way, but that wasn't quite enough; indeed, he regretted now the momentary madness that had led him into forcing a promise from Mollie the moment Rushden disappeared and set her free; for she might never forgive him for that, might never forget!

He had won her for his wife, that was something; he felt aglow with pride and satisfaction whenever he reminded himself of the fact, which was pretty often. But if she only came to the great gloomy house as his wife in name, as his housekeeper, a figure-head, the hostess, then life would be unbearable.

He would have given a great portion of his newly-acquired wealth to know how to win her love. He had engraved deep in his soul that women were only won by force; nevertheless, he determined to try kindness and gentleness first. Perhaps at heart he was a little afraid of the woman he loved, though he would not have confessed so much to himself. She knew more than a wise man would have his wife know—if he would live happily with her! What troubled him more, though, was that he didn't know how much she might not guess, nor what questions she might not ask.

It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that he accepted the Brabants' invitation to stay at The Towers, as Mollie was well on the road to perfect health, and it was as well he should be there to settle final details and the date for the wedding.

If Squirrel's conscience—or Westingham, as we must now call him—gave him little peace at West House, it had even less mercy on him as the train steamed into the Cornish station and he found himself once more in the centre of the scene of the tragedy of a year ago. Colonel Brabant, who met him with the dog-cart, was evidently in very good spirits, and made himself thoroughly charming. Of course, it was only natural he should gladly welcome the future son-in-law with the big rent-roll and an old and venerable title; his greeting gave Westingham some of his former self-confidence.

To have won the father's confidence and faith was a step in the right direction; but Mollie's greeting, as he had feared, was cold. He might have been the very stranger; true, she made herself agreeable, acting the part of hostess quite charmingly. She never allowed the conversation to languish, and at first, with the spirit of proprietorship upon him, Westingham as he listened to her clever and witty criticisms on the interesting topics of the moment felt pleased and not a little proud.

But after a while, as the hour for port wine and cigars approached, he became aware that she rather forced the note. She seemed afraid of a moment's silence lest the lead were taken from her and the conversation drifted to channels other than those in which she wished it to flow.

She rose with the arrival of the port wine, and as Guy held open the door for her she hesitated nervously and held out her hand.

"Perhaps I had better say 'Good-night' now. I am a little tired, and shall retire early, and I expect you and father will like a smoke and chat together."

This was Guy's opportunity to assert his authority or to prove his love. He glanced at Brabant, saw approval in his face, and took his chance.

"On the contrary," he replied quietly, but firmly, "putting as much meaning and affection into his glance as he dared, "it is you that I want a long chat with, Mollie; and, if necessary, I can do without my cigar."

Colonel Brabant laughed cheerfully as he crossed the room. "That's an eloquent proof of devotion! By the way, I promised to see the vicar to-night about the new peal of bells they hope to get for the parish church, so if Westingham will excuse me I'll be off." He hurried into the hall as if he were afraid his daughter might persuade him to stay, but she made no remark, save to tell him not to be too long as she helped him into his coat. Then she returned to the dining-room, and Westingham closed the door and pulled forward a seat.

"Well sit here, then you can smoke," she said nervously.

"I can quite do without a cigar, if you object." He stood behind her chair a little awkwardly. As yet he had made no attempt to kiss her, to take her in his arms, to offer the slightest show of outward affection.

"I like the smell of smoke, thanks," Mollie replied. There was a moment's pause. "Besides," she added thoughtfully, "we had better get used to one another's fads, to learn to give and to take. I don't suppose you will give up smoking when we're married?"

"I'm prepared to give up anything you ask, if it will help to win your love," he whispered earnestly, bending over her chair and laying his hand in hers. She rose quickly and moved away towards the window. Then she turned and faced him.

He noticed that she had changed considerably in twelve months—in many ways she was a different woman. It was difficult to say exactly what had occurred, how the change had taken place, or where; it was some subtle difference in the expression of her features—a light in her eyes, or the curve in her lips.

She looked older, though not less beautiful. The roses in her cheeks had gone, and they were pale, like cold marble; her lips were not so red, nor her eyes so blue. She was no longer the light-hearted, innocent, trusting Mollie; she was a woman!

Somehow the change that had taken place in her made her all the more desirable in Westingham's eyes. The fact that he hadn't yet won her, that he might never win her, came sharply to him, stunned him, goaded him, and yet gave him a queer, fierce thrill of delight.

For, after all, he was a man, conscious of his strength, conscious, too, now of his newly-acquired power—the power of wealth and position! In a sense Mollie was in his power, and if she had been timid, afraid, and unwilling there would have been little pleasure in a cold-blooded victory. But the woman who faced him had acquired a will of her own; if she feared him, she would

not show it. Though she might be prepared to marry him, she was also prepared to fight for her freedom and to keep her love and her heart for the man who first won it, though she knew he was dead and could never come to her again.

Westingham smiled grimly. "So your feelings haven't changed, Mollie; a year has made no difference!"

"Yes and no," she replied slowly. "A year has made a great difference to me—I feel differently, I look on life differently; but, as far as you are concerned, I look on you and feel towards you just as I did before—" She broke off quickly and turned her face away.

Guy chose and lit a cigar; he felt more at home and less embarrassed when he was smoking. "Of course, that's only natural, considering we have seen practically nothing of one another all the time. But you must remember we're going to see a great deal of one another in the future—for I understand you haven't changed your mind. The marriage is arranged, and nothing remains but to settle the actual date."

"Yes, that is so." She spoke so softly that he could hardly hear her words.

Westingham leaned against the mantel-shelf, tapped his feet irritably on the grate, whilst he watched Mollie out of his half-closed eyes.

"Then, since you've made up your mind to marry me, wouldn't it be wiser if you made up your mind to love me?" To his surprise, she laughed—not sarcastically or mirthfully, but rather a hopeless, helpless little laugh, as if he were making an impossible proposition, so impossible that it had an element of cruel humour in it.

"Surely you know, Guy, that love between us must ever be impossible. Rather than hope for love, should we not pray that the elements of doubt, distrust, and fear may disappear, and leave us, say, on the firmer ground of a tolerant friendship?"

"Friendship?" He sneered frankly; he couldn't help himself.

"Yes, or the nearest approach to it. Surely that is better than an intolerant, one-sided passion."

Westingham changed his position and laid down his cigar. "I love you." He noticed the shiver of repulsion that shook her body, and it roused his wrath. "You knew I loved you when we first met, and I've loved you ever since. It's no use sneering at love like mine, because it's going to last in spite of everything," and—he stepped a little closer to her—"it's going to conquer you in spite of yourself!"

She hesitated a moment only, then turned, and, pushing forward a chair, sat down. Her face was no longer pale; it was rosy red, but her eyes gleamed very coldly. "Won't you sit down too, and go on smoking; then we can come to a thorough and final understanding."

He obeyed smiling, though inwardly he felt uncomfortable. His desire to win Mollie's love was genuine enough, and to win it honestly and kindly, too. Because he had taken one false step, done one mean and unkindly thing, it was no reason, he argued, that he should do another.

He scoffed at the old-fashioned story-book idea that one false step inevitably leads to another, that a man who once touches pitch is ever after defiled. He knew he had played the coward, but he wanted to forget that and henceforward play the man; it was easy with love and wealth by his side.

Love above all emotions is a power to help men to better things. But here he felt the woman he loved was inclined to nail him down to the coffin of his misdeeds. He could see she had made up her mind never to forget, never to allow him to forget—never to forgive. She would marry him, yes; but rather for hate than for love.

She would make her presence a constant reminder that her heart belonged to the man he had sacrificed. In her eyes he would read scorn and contempt; when he took her in his arms she would freeze whatever decent emotions struggled for life in his breast—unless he succeeded in beating down her determination not to love him, unless his indomitable will conquered her newly-acquired one!

He folded his arms, lay back in his chair, and sucked his cigar meditatively. If it came to a fight, it would at least be interesting, and he set his teeth grimly. He could be very kind to a woman he loved, as he loved Mollie, but he knew also he could be cruel.

What she refused to give he would take by force; the stronger she made her will the more slowly and the more thoroughly he would break it, as in the days of old they broke men on the wheel; and if nothing moved her, nothing thawed her—well, then perhaps his love would turn to hate, and he would make her suffer as she made him!

"What understanding do you want to come to?" he asked quietly.

"I want you to understand I am marrying you because you practically forced me into it, and there are other reasons which weigh still more strongly with me—reasons which you would fail to understand if I told you. The main one is because I loved Dick Rushden, and an old letter of his which I discovered makes me believe you

spoke the truth when you said he wished it. But I am marrying you—under certain conditions."

She was business-like. Guy would be business-like, too. "Name them."

She pushed her chair further back into the shadows, as if she were afraid of him seeing her face.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

The Conditions of Marriage.

MOLLIE took time before replying to Westingham's brusque demand for the conditions which he imposed on their marriage. The silence was not to his liking, for he walked irritably up and down the room puffing vigorously at his cigar.

"And in the first place I want proof of Dick Rushden's death," Mollie spoke, and Westingham stopped in his walk to listen; he started guiltily, too, as he heard her first request, for somehow it seemed like an echo of his own thoughts. He, too, would have been glad of proof of Dick Rushden's death, then he would not be haunted by the fear of the dead man's return.

True, proof had been tendered by himself and the master of the fishing smack who some eight months ago picked up a body in the sea a good many miles off the Cornish coast—a body that had evidently been tossed to and fro in the waste of waters for some months, for it was quite unrecognisable. But the shape and the height and the colour of the hair corresponded exactly with the description of Rushden, and so the law, which did not want to be worried by strange claimants to the Westingham title, considerably came to the conclusion that Rushden had committed suicide in order to save the woman he loved, and that the body of the unknown man picked up by the fishing smack was his.

Westingham sincerely hoped that it was, but conscience made a coward of him, and he would gladly have found a more convincing proof. Nevertheless, he replied to Mollie without the least hesitation, saying there were no doubts whatever in his own mind. Dick Rushden's demise had been proved to the satisfaction of the law—what more should she ask? Besides, he argued, if Rushden had escaped with his life, the first thing he would have done would be to write to Mollie—and it was well over a year ago that he had disappeared.

Mollie was again silent for a while, as if weighing Westingham's arguments, and he continued to pace the room. "Then I will waive my first condition," she said presently. He was on the point of a sneering retort, when he checked himself in time. "My second condition is that on becoming your wife I don't lose my freedom."

He stopped in his walk and stood over her; though she bowed her head, he could see her cheeks were still flushed, though her eyes were veiled. "What do you mean by freedom?" he asked curtly.

"Though I change my name and my home, and I suppose some of my friends too," Mollie replied, "yet I remain mistress of myself, mistress of my actions, my thoughts, my desires."

Westingham stuck his hands deep into his trouser pockets, and, laughing, gazed curiously at her. "You are not modest in your demands! Your idea of marriage is evidently to accept everything and give nothing in return."

"You wanted to marry me," she whispered, her colour ebbing and flowing now; "you purposely put me in a position in which refusal was impossible, out of the question. I agreed to become your wife, but that was all. I didn't promise to love you; on the contrary, I told you I hated you."

"Charming!" he sneered.

"It was to save my love and to save myself that I promised."

"Oh, you shall be free enough!" Westingham said slowly. "Call it a legal marriage if you will, for I shall not ask more than the law enforces! As long as you love, honour, and obey I won't grumble."

He saw her writhe, and he rather enjoyed it. He would willingly have persuaded, cajoled, implored, loved, like if necessary. But she had started by freezing him, then she had snubbed him, and now his blood was up. In his own mind he considered he had given Mollie her choice—to be won by affection or by fear. Metaphorically she had thrown his love in his face. So there was nothing for it but fear; if necessary, brute force.

"Your honour will be quite safe in my hands," she said coldly. "As for obedience"—she could not hide the scorn in her voice, the hatred that was growing in her heart for the man who forced her to marry against her will—"I will obey all your reasonable requests—I will entertain my friends, look after your house, see that everything is ordered and arranged properly; but you must remember that I am no chattel, no frightened, foolish child to be cajoled or frightened into blind obedience. I am ready to play my part in the eyes of the world thoroughly, completely; behind the scenes, the hours the world doesn't claim I require for my very own!"

"A marriage of convenience, eh?"

"You can call it what you like; you know best why you are marrying me."

"Because I love you," he said boldly, "and I am going to make you love me."

"Never!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

TRAMP: "Madam, I'm a deservin' man."

Lady of the House: "I don't doubt it; and you'll be lucky if you escape what you deserve!"

"SMITHERS lights one cigar from another now that he smokes so much."

"I don't wonder, considering the kind of cigars he smokes."

"Why?"

"Matches would cost him more."



GAMA



THE "A" model, 10/6; ditto, double, 12/6; THE "C" model, 8/6; THE "S" model, 10/6; THE "P" model, 10/6; THE "Q" model, 10/6; THE "R" model, 10/6; THE "T" model, 10/6; THE "U" model, 10/6; THE "V" model, 10/6; THE "W" model, 10/6; THE "X" model, 10/6; THE "Y" model, 10/6; THE "Z" model, 10/6; THE "AA" model, 10/6; THE "BB" model, 10/6; THE "CC" model, 10/6; THE "DD" model, 10/6; THE "EE" model, 10/6; THE "FF" model, 10/6; THE "GG" model, 10/6; THE "HH" model, 10/6; THE "II" model, 10/6; THE "JJ" model, 10/6; THE "KK" model, 10/6; THE "LL" model, 10/6; THE "MM" model, 10/6; THE "NN" model, 10/6; THE "OO" model, 10/6; THE "PP" model, 10/6; THE "QQ" model, 10/6; THE "RR" model, 10/6; THE "SS" model, 10/6; THE "TT" model, 10/6; THE "UU" model, 10/6; THE "VV" model, 10/6; THE "WW" model, 10/6; THE "XX" model, 10/6; THE "YY" model, 10/6; THE "ZZ" model, 10/6; THE "AAA" model, 10/6; THE "BBB" model, 10/6; THE "CCC" model, 10/6; THE "DDD" model, 10/6; THE "EEE" model, 10/6; THE "FFF" model, 10/6; 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"Catching" Sores.

A WHOLE FAMILY'S DEBT TO ZAM-BUK.

Ringworm is perhaps the most dreaded of all skin diseases, because it is so obstinate and "catching"—so easily communicated, and yet so difficult to cure. Its ravages in the family of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, of Low Barlings, Langworth, Lincs., affected father and four little ones, Zam-Buk alone proving successful in stamping out the epidemic.

To a *Lincolnshire Echo* reporter Mrs. Smith said: "A few weeks ago Lizzie, who is fourteen years old, began to complain of itching and irritation on her right shoulder, and I found a big ringworm was developing. It spread down her right arm, and one of the places got as big as a teacup. Then Dad got one in just the same place, and homely remedies had no effect at all. Little Henry, who is four years old, caught the sores, and very soon the two-year-old girl developed the disease. My alarm and despair were increased when, in spite of everything that was done, the baby took it as well. It was painful to see the poor children suffering.

"The ringworms looked like great, inflamed, burning red rings, always appearing just on the point of breaking through, and with little spots all over them. One of the sores almost met round Lizzie's arm. She writhed with the constant itching, could hardly sleep at all, and was very sick indeed.

"I was at my wits' end what to do. I had tried one thing and another, and did not know where to turn, when I chanced to read about Zam-Buk on a torn-off piece of newspaper. We sent for some, and following the plain direction 'Rub it in,' we applied some straight away, rubbing each part gently for a few minutes. Lizzie never cried after that first rubbing with Zam-Buk. The very first night the inflamed redness changed to a clear violet. In about three days every speck had gone, and there has not been a sign since. The effect of Zam-Buk on the other children was just the same. None of us had ever seen anything so soothing and healing, and we would not care to be without a box of Zam-Buk in the house again."

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The "County" Stumps, revolving tops ebony balls, steel shoes, 7/11.
The "GUARDS"—White Drift, men's size, 3/4.
White Buck, with continuation straps, men's size, 4/11; superior ditto, 7/11.
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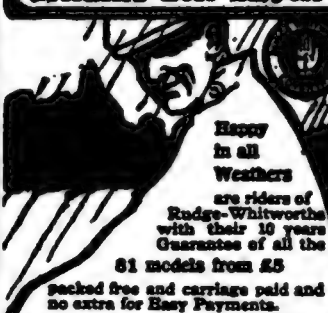
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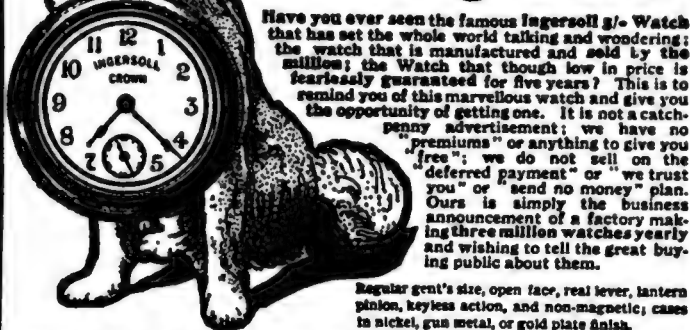
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For washing Silver, Cutlery, Crockery,
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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINY DISHES.

Poached Eggs and Onions.

Take three or four nice Spanish onions, slice them thinly, and fry in dripping to a golden colour. Have ready some squares of buttered toast, lay the onions on them, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve a poached egg on each.

Cocoa Pudding.

Boil a cupful and a half of milk, pour it over six ounces of breadcrumbs mixed with a tablespoonful of cocoa, six ounces of sugar, and one tablespoonful of vanilla flavouring. Add two beaten eggs. Butter a plain mould, sift sugar over it, pour in the mixture, cover with a buttered paper, and steam for one hour. Serve with a hot custard, flavoured delicately with vanilla.

Mutton and Potato Puffs.

Take one pound of boiled potatoes, add to these over the fire one ounce of clarified dripping, salt, and pepper, and make all into a stiff paste. Roll this out, dredging in a little flour, cut it into two rounds, and place on each a teaspoonful of mutton minced finely and highly seasoned. Make each round into a ball and bake, or fry in deep boiling fat. (Reply to ELEANOR.)

Cod's Roe and Liver Cakes.

Wrap a cod's roe in a piece of muslin and boil it and a cod's liver in salted water. When dry, drain and mash them with four large potatoes, three ounces of breadcrumbs, a little chopped thyme, lemon peel, and marjoram, a dusting of cayenne, white pepper and salt, with two ounces of butter cut into small bits. Mix with two eggs, and form into rolls or cakes, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, fry in deep fat, garnish with parsley or watercress, and serve very hot on a folded napkin.

White Stew of Eggs.

Put two ounces of butter into a stewpan, and when melted add chopped parsley, a small piece of onion minced very small, and some pepper and salt. Stew this until the seasoning is cooked, then add a cupful of milk and a little flour to thicken the whole. Boil four eggs hard, and cut them in slices, each egg should make five slices. Give both eggs and sauce a boil up, and serve on a square piece of buttered toast.

A Good Plain Cake Without Eggs.

For this the required ingredients are a quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of fine flour, a quarter of a pound of caster sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pint of cold milk, a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and currants. Mix the whole with cold milk, in which first dissolve the carbonate of soda. The cake should be put into the oven as soon as it is mixed, and it will take two hours to bake. (Reply to ELVIRA.)

Rhubarb and Stone Cream.

This is a very simple sweet, and more wholesome than rhubarb tart. First dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little water. Take a bunch of nice rhubarb, wipe it carefully, cut into two-inch lengths, and steam in a covered basin with a piece of lemon-rind. Just before the rhubarb is done, add sufficient sugar to sweeten it. Boil one pint of milk with a little sugar and lemon-peel, add the gelatine, stir till dissolved, and stand aside till cold. Put the rhubarb into a dish, arranging it as flat as possible, pour the "cream" over, and leave till set.

Stuffed Beef.

Have ready a good roasting piece of beef, which has hung for several days. Mix a savoury stuffing as follows: Mince an onion and one pound of fat bacon with savoury herbs, add a pinch of celery, salt, a little powdered cloves, and allspice. Work all thoroughly together, and bind with an egg. Lay the beef in the pan in which it is to be roasted, and with a sharp knife make incisions on it; stick the knife deep into each and twist it round so as to make the place large enough to hold the stuffing. Rub the beef over with dissolved butter, dredge with flour, and set some water in the pan, and put in the oven. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound, baste constantly, and dredge on more flour. Do not overcook the meat; thicken the gravy, and serve. This joint is excellent when served cold.

FOR DAILY WEAR.

Most certainly, for every-day wear, the ideal blouse is that with little or no trimming.

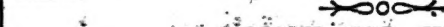
In No. 16720 we have, therefore, just the very thing, for, save for the dozen and a half (or thereabouts) of buttons, the blouse is absolutely self-trimmed. This is as it should be, for the much-bedecked garment is not only expensive at the outset, but difficult to keep in order, and nothing stamps the untidy woman sooner than soiled finery.

Three yards of 30-inch flannelette and no more are required wherewith to fashion the model here portrayed. The yoke is made in three pieces—a back without a centre seam, and the right and left fronts—all of which will, of course, need facing with sateen or stout calico. Either of these, in white, are preferable to a facing of material; then the colour will not rub off on to the underbodice.

When a plain material, with no indication of right and wrong side, is employed, not infrequently the amateur worker finds that in making up her blouse she has perhaps two right sleeves and none for the left arm. A simple way to avoid this is to score the various pieces across, on the wrong side, with tailor's chalk, when cutting out. A pattern of the neat little Puritan (turn-over) collar is provided, lest perchance you wish to make your own, of silk or muslin.

No. 16720, Paper Pattern, 64d., post free from Futtern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

provided, lest perchance you wish to make your own, of silk or muslin.



LAUGH FOR HEALTH.

THE reason laughter improves one's health and looks is that it improves the circulation by stimulating it, sending the blood bounding through the veins. This is the benefit of all laughter, if hearty enough; it causes deeper inspirations, calling into active use every part of the lungs, favouring an increase of lung power, and thereby developing a healthy chest.

When the chest and breast are lifted and expanded, the sagging, weeping-willow lines of the face disappear. Therefore laugh a little every day. Laugh, and live long and keep young.

COURTESY COSTS NOTHING.

It is not wise to rush into violent friendships with everyone you meet but it is a great mistake not to be on friendly terms with those with whom you come in contact.

There are certain people you meet every day either in a business or social way. It is much wiser to make friends of them than to be merely on terms of cold civility.

Show them any little favour or courtesy you are able to. You never can tell when you may need a return kindness from them. That is, of course, putting things on rather a sordid basis, but all the same it is wisdom.

As you go through life you will find that if you want people to like you you must do something to earn their regard. Those who make themselves lovable are the ones who win love.

WHAT TACT CAN DO.

TACT is the happy way of doing things—the loving way. It is sensitive as to the feelings of others.

There is a plant that grows in the desert—the mimosa, it is called, and it is a sensitive plant. No sooner does it hear the distant trample of horses' feet upon the earth than it curls up its trembling leaves. There are people like that plant.

The tactful soul knows how to draw out these shy and backward ones—these boys and girls that hardly dare venture to play a game in the playground with others. Tact always finds a way to put them at ease, and bring out whatever good there is in them—indeed, tact knows how to deal with all kinds of people.

TEACH YOUR BOYS TO SEW.

UNDER present conditions a man is often a most helpless creature—for instance, when he loses a very necessary button or gets a conspicuous rent. No self-respecting man likes to go into society at loose ends as to his apparel, but what can he do if accidents happen away from home? His mother cannot follow him everywhere, although she would probably like to do so. One thing she can do, and ought to do—she can teach her little boy to sew, and with a thimble on his finger.

Why should it be considered effeminate for a man to sew on one of his own buttons, any more than to make whole suits for other men? Or why is it worse to make a bed than to beat a carpet? Why worse to sweep the kitchen floor than that of an office or workshop?

It would seem as if any mother would wish to train her son to be tidy; yet how many men there are who never pretend to put a discarded garment—or anything else—in its place! They either leave it on the floor or toss it over a chair. And the women keep on picking it up, educating their men in selfishness and slovenliness.

Men are what their mothers make them.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

When Polishing Furniture

Add a little vinegar to the polish; this will get rid of the dead oily look so often noticed after cleaning.

When Making a Fruit Tart

Always cut a little slit in the centre of the crust, and insert either a straw or a paper funnel so that the steam will escape.

Make Fly Papers at Once.

And use them directly a sign of the usual summer pest appears. Melt some resin, and add, while soft, sweet oil to make it when cold about the consistency of honey. Spread a stout paper with this, and place in convenient places. The paper will soon be covered with flies, and can be burnt.

To Disguise the Taste of Cod-liver Oil.

With each ounce of cod-liver oil mix half a teaspoonful of this mixture: Two ounces of lemon juice, one ounce of sulphuric ether, and half each of ginger, cloves, and carraways finely ground. Some people substitute peppermint for the ginger. (Reply to DONNA E.)

To Clean Copper or Nickel.

This preparation, rubbed on to the surface when washing and then rinsed off, will make very discoloured articles come bright. Mix together equal parts of flour, salt, vinegar, and silver sand or bath-brick. (Thanks to WHITE, Portsmouth.)

To Test the Heat of Fat.

For deep frying put in a thin slice of bread, and if it browns while you can count sixty the fat is hot enough for raw materials. If it browns while you count forty it is right for food prepared from cooked fish or meat, such as croquettes. Use plenty of fat and always strain it carefully before putting away for future use.

Oil Your Furniture Casters.

Many housewives who undertake thorough house-cleaning quite forget when oiling locks, etc., that bed, table, and chair casters are requiring the same attention. This hint attended to is a great save in the house, and bedsteads, mangle, etc., will all move without the difficulty usually experienced; in fact, they will swing on their rollers. Turn the table on its side, and oil the pins and axles of the casters, then move about thoroughly. (Thanks to T. GREEN.)

To Cure Herring

Proceed as follows: Spread the fish on a cleanly-scrubbed floor, and sprinkle with salt. When sufficiently salted they are washed in large vats. The fish are then threaded through the gills on long spits holding two or three dozen. These are hung in the smoking room, where fires of oak boughs are kept smouldering. In about twenty-four hours they will be sufficiently smoked. (Reply to ARTISAN.)

Stronger Than Meat. A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the Bench, writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:

"For the past five years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavour has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and sweets from our table, for our children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

There's a reason.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1907.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
Good Friday . . . March 29.	M 1 14 21 28	M 1 15 22 29	M 2 9 16 23 30
Easter Monday . . . April 1.	T 2 15 22 29	T 2 16 23 30	T 3 10 17 24
Whitsun Monday . . . May 20.	W 3 16 23 30	W 3 17 24 31	T 4 11 18 25
Bank Holiday . . . August 6.	T 4 11 18 25	T 4 12 19 26	W 5 12 19 26
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 5 12 19 26	F 5 13 20 27	T 6 13 20 27
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 6 13 20 27	S 6 14 21 28	S 7 14 21 28

For The First Time of Asking



Another Insurance Claim.

On another page of this number you will find particulars of the payment of another cycling insurance claim for £100. With the cycling season coming on it is of the utmost importance that you personally should take the precaution to sign the insurance coupon at the end of this page. Brakes have a habit of failing to act at a critical moment, side-slips on muddy roads are by no means infrequent, and, at any moment while you are riding something may go wrong with a vital part of the machinery. If you are a careless sort of person you naturally won't trouble to sign the coupon every week—which is grossly unfair to those near and dear to you. If you are a sensible person you will certainly fulfil the extremely simple conditions, and in this way provide in a modest degree for those who are left behind.

Why Spectacle Wearers Stare.

AERO wants to know whether I have noticed that people who wear spectacles always seem to look at you as if they were trying to stare you out of countenance. He notices this more especially in railway carriages, and he considers it extremely impertinent. He also says that it makes his blood boil to find himself scrutinised in this way.

Well, AERO, speaking in comparatively cold blood, and addressing you personally as a man and a brother, I would earnestly appeal to you to keep calm under the exasperating circumstances, and let your thinker boil a little instead. Spectacles consist mainly of magnifying glasses, and it is a well-known fact that a magnifying glass will make even an impertinent stare look bigger than it really is. You see the wearer's eyes magnified, and you apparently jump to the conclusion that they are starting from their sockets in their anxiety to see if your necktie is on straight. And then, again, a person unhappily afflicted with weak sight has necessarily got to look a little harder than the rest of us. He has not only to look at the spectacles on his nose, but through them as well, and this fact often conveys the impression of a stare that really doesn't exist. Borrow a pair of spectacles and look at yourself in a looking-glass.

A Great Mission for Mothers.

E. C., who is evidently a good and wise mother, writes me a very practical letter on the foolish habit adopted by so many working-class mothers of taking their babies to sleep in bed beside them. We try to be lighthearted on most subjects, but when it is a question of the health and lives of "these little ones," there is no room for any but the gravest and most serious reflections. Strange as it may seem, many working-class mothers consider it a part of their maternal duty to sleep with their babies, and my correspondent assures me that she is regarded by her friends as being almost an unnatural mother for putting her little ones in cradles or cots by themselves. Well, she has at least the satisfaction of knowing that she is doing rightly, and that her children will be stronger and healthier for her common sense and care. Custom and prejudice are hard things to uproot; but the distressing frequency of coroner's inquests on over-lain infants should at least afford a hint to those mothers who are misled by false sentiment into jeopardising the lives of those they love. If E. C. can persuade any of her friends to follow her own excellent example, she will be doing in a quiet way a greater work than many of the world's celebrities have ever done or ever could do.

A Bold, Bad Beetle.

HARLEDDOWN is in trouble. He lives in an old house, and finds that one of those little beetles called a "Death Watch" has made a kennel for itself in the woodwork of his bedroom. The insect has a playful way of banging its head against the wood by way of serenading the lady beetle next door, and HARLEDDOWN can't sleep for the nuisance. On the advice of a local chemist he has squirted turpentine into the creature's home, but as this has produced no effect my correspondent has come to the conclusion that the beetle simply uses the turpentine as an embrocation for its neck, and then goes on knocking with more vigour than ever, and he wants to know how to get rid of the nuisance without having to pull the house down. The insect in question is probably the well-known *Anobium striatum*. Its habit of knocking its upper jaws against the wood at night time is

naturally more audible in the extreme silence of a sick room than elsewhere, and hence the superstition that regards the noise as a sign of approaching death. The readiest way to get rid of this little pest is to leave a damp cloth or some vegetable substance near its lair. It is usually unable to resist this bait, and will come out and indulge in a reckless orgie of dampness till overtaken, by daylight and the hand of retribution as represented by my esteemed correspondent. I suppose knocking your head against woodwork makes you thirsty; but however the case may be, if HARLEDDOWN will try the simple remedy suggested he will soon be rid of his unwelcome lodger.

To Stop Snoring.

FITZGERALD.—Dear me, no. Savages don't snore. Snoring is one of the privileges of civilisation, so to speak. It is obvious that a savage would never dare go to sleep in the open if he could not behave better than that. A gentleman who disturbed the stillness of the backwoods in such an ill-bred manner, and thus proclaimed his whereabouts, would wake up one day to find his scalp adorning the girdle of some foe. By the laws of "natural selection," savage snorers were weeded out from among others of their race ages ago. Can't something of the same kind be arranged with civilised people? If every man and woman who make the hours of night hideous by snoring were scalped, it is just possible that the disease might be stamped out.

A Problem Solved.

"My friend and I have just had a discussion on the subject of reading quickly," W. C. J. tells me: "He is able to read much more rapidly than I, and he claims that this is a proof of superior intelligence on his part. Of course, I don't admit this, and I should like to know what you think on the subject."—The mere fact that your friend is able to read quickly does not indicate that his mental qualities are of a higher character than yours; but if he can grasp the subject of the reading matter as quickly as he peruses it, then it must be granted that he is mentally better than you. The faculty of reading rapidly and comprehending what one has read is the true test of intelligence. However, there is one qualification to this statement—the quick reader must be quick on all subjects to merit the intellectual position assigned to him. There are many people who can peruse and grasp the meaning of an article or a book on a certain subject with astonishing rapidity, but if they attack another subject the rate of progress is very different.

Lady Smokers in Restaurants.

E. A. S. E. has run up against the proposition of the lady who smokes. He accompanied a lady to a "fairly dear" restaurant, and found that there was no objection to her smoking a cigarette after, presumably, a "fairly dear" lunch. But, on the following day, he took the lady to a cheaper restaurant, and was surprised to find that there her cigarette was forbidden, and he wonders why.

There is no hard and fast rule on the matter, E. A. S. E. It is still the exception for ladies to smoke cigarettes in public, and restaurant managers are guided by the usage of their regular customers. There are several good restaurants in London where ladies smoke and excite no comment; but, on the other hand, there are others where the customers object as you and I do to see the ladies smoking. In this case the manager, being an eminently practical person, would rather risk offending one lady than risk the loss of several regular customers, and he goes and does it accordingly. It's a sordid world, my dear sir, and when our money interests come into collision with our ideas of gallantry, we can't help feeling that money is an extremely superior and rarer article, anyway.

The Best Position for Sleep.

"Why is it better to sleep on the right side?" asks R.—A very old question, R., but always worth answering. Although the heart is not, as is generally supposed, on the left side of the body, there is more of it on that side of the middle line than on the other, and, by sleeping on your left, a continuous pressure is brought to bear on that organ which may be very injurious. The awful sensation of suddenly awakening with a start, convinced that you are just shooting over a precipice, is a frequent result of continued pressure on the heart. That dispenses of the left side. If you sleep on your chest you must bury your nose in the pillow, which is not precisely the healthiest way of taking a nap; you can't sleep on your feet, because you will certainly go a cropper directly you begin to doze; to sleep while balanced on your head requires years of practice before it can be done with comfort, and to sleep on your back invites a nightmare galloping round the bed, or a slipper in the eye for snoring. The only remaining possibility is to sleep on the right side. It is the best.

Baby-minders by the Sea.

J. M. G. comes forward with a very bright idea of how girls on their summer holidays by the sea might at the same time earn a little money towards their expenses. At one resort she once saw a young lady distributing cards, on which she offered for a small fee to take charge of children on the beach whilst their parents went excursions. J. M. G. also suggests offering help with correspondence, etc., to the proprietresses of boarding-houses, or leaving one's card at a boarding-house with the suggestion that you are a good singer, or accompanist, or bridge player, and are very willing to help to entertain by these methods. The first idea is much the best, J. M. G. I do not see that the other suggestions—or any other suggestions that I can think of—would be possible. Boarding-house proprietresses usually make their own arrangements about help, and invariably have amongst their guests musicians quite sufficient for any requirements. But the looking-after-children idea, provided a girl can afford to stand the worry it would entail when she is supposed to be there for the purpose of benefiting her own health, certainly offers opportunities for an enterprising young lady.

SINCE the last Fresh Air Fund list was published the following amounts have come to hand:

Miss Thackhall-Browett, 7s. 6d.; "Jeppes," 1s.; W. C. Halliday, £1 1s.; Coon pro Co., 4s.; C. K., 1s.; F. H. Weston, 4s.; Jimmy, 10d.; Thankful, 5s.; E. A. B., 2s. 3d.; C. (Nesau, Bahama), £1 0s. 6d.; "Lektrik," 10s.; Daily Mail Client, 1s. 1d.; W. P. Ingall, 7s. 6d.; Madame Lonzelle, 3s.; Marjorie, 9d.; J. H. Radcliffe, £1 1s.

COLLECTED: Small balance, per Messrs. Ellery and Co., 1s. 8d.; In the bar of Central Hotel, Harrold, South Africa, per H. Hallett, 7s. 6d.; Halfpenny in the box, H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, 4s.; Proceeds of a children's play arranged by Miss Marjorie Richardson, the Misses Kathleen, Enid, and Doreen Ramsbottom, Misses L. and W. Sankey, and Miss N. Moffett, 25s.; From the passengers of the s.s. *Mandingo*, £9; Canoe Fund, H.M.S. *Dido*, per Lieut. W. R. Petro, £12 5s.; Officers and Crew of *Latimer*, per C. Johnson, £2 17s.; Surplus No. 23 Co., E.A.M.C. Games Fund Competition, per Sergt.-Major Ford, 12s. 6d.; Sheba Siding Hotel, per W. Finch, £1 16s. 6d.; Mrs. J. M. Martin, 10s.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

NEARLY £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

**£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING } INSURANCE.**

493 Claims already paid, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his or her place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. The Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-months' subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....
Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, April 25th, 1907,
until midnight, Friday, May 3rd, 1907.

Printed by HOBART COX, Printer, Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at *Pearson's Weekly Buildings*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

DEWAR'S



SELDOM is the public offered a stimulant of such general excellence as DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL."

For more than sixty years this famous Whisky has sought patronage upon its merits alone, and during that time its remarkable popularity has extended to all parts of the world.

Be sure it's Dewar's "White Label"

A MAGAZINE for NOTHING

This number contains a notable contribution from

MARIE CORELLI

entitled "What Life Means to Me."

If you buy "The Rapid" for April—Now on Sale—your 4d. will be returned to you by
C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd.

DON'T STAND in the WET

unless your boots have been treated with

'CORUXIN'

THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER, because CORUXIN renders them perfectly waterproof, and prevents you taking harm from damp feet.



Coruxin preserves the leather and lengthens the life of the boot. Remember, more people

take Cold, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, and Consumption through wet feet than wet clothes.

Waterproof your boots with Coruxin and keep the wet out.

Sample bottle of Coruxin, sufficient to treat six pairs of boots, post free, P.O. for 1s. 3d. Larger size for fifteen pairs of boots, 2s. 4d.

BRUSH GIVEN AWAY WITH EACH BOTTLE.

The CORUXIN L.P. Co.,
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"Don't turn the corners of your mouth down"
"You see what I mean?"



Take BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE demands of modern business and social life—strenuous thinking, irregular meals, late hours—overtax strength and impair health.

When you feel that you are losing your grip on things, the strain is beginning to tell and you have need for BEECHAM'S PILLS to restore health and strength to the overworked body and brain.

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